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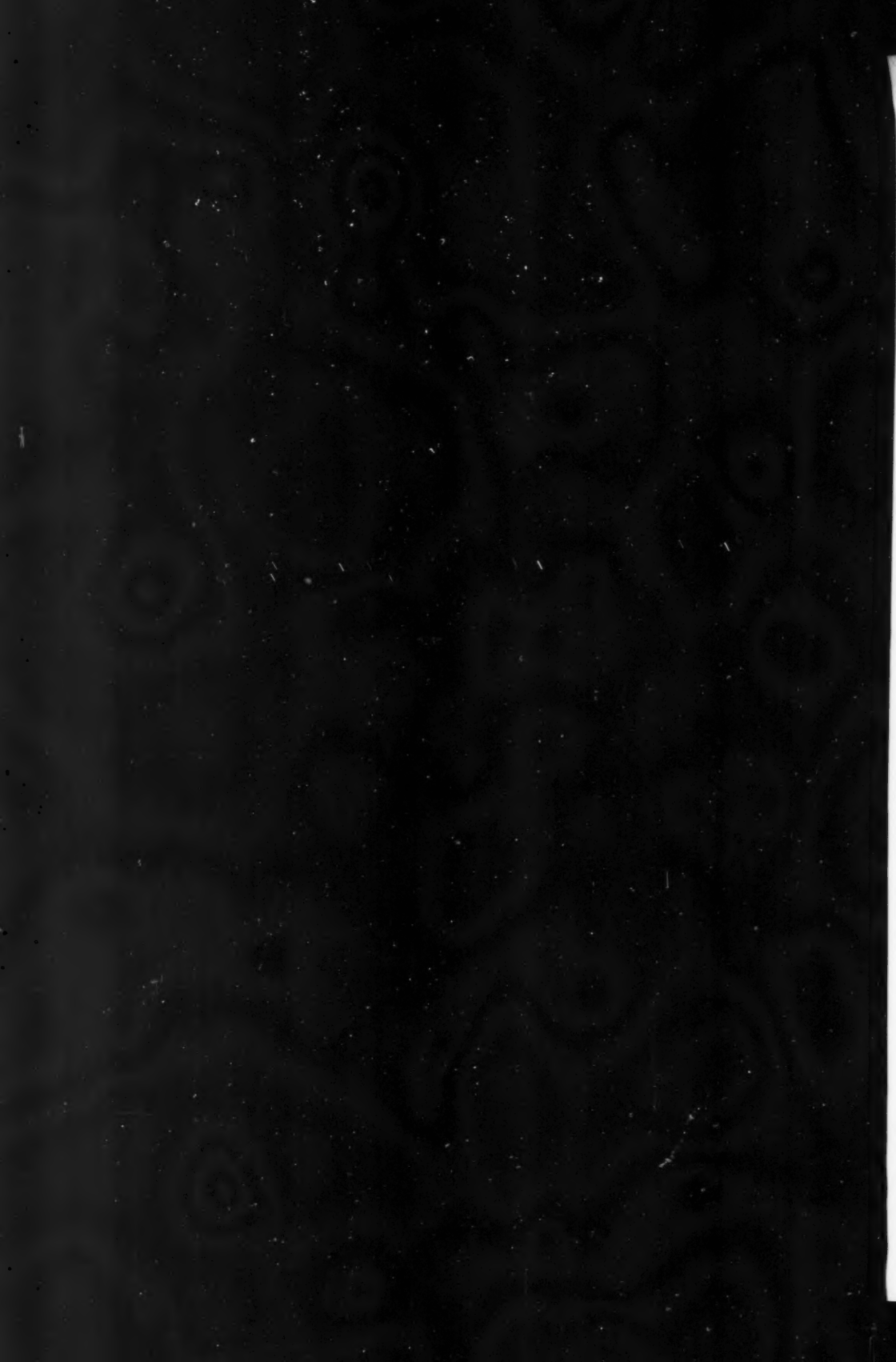
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ONE LESS AT HOME.

ONE less at home!

The charmed circle broken; a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place;
But, cleansed and saved and perfected by
 grace,
 One more in heaven!

ONE less at home!

One voice of welcome hushed, and evermore
One farewell word unspoken; on the shore
Where parting comes not, one soul landed
 more,
 One more in heaven!

ONE less at home!

A sense of loss that meets us at the gate;
Within, a place unfilled and desolate;
And far away our coming to await,
 One more in heaven!

ONE less at home!

Chill as the earth-born mist the thought would
 rise,
And wrap our footsteps round and dim our
 eyes;
But the bright sunbeam darteth from the
 skies—
 One more in heaven!

ONE more at home!

This is not home, where cramped in earthly
 mold,
Our sight of Christ is dim, our love is cold;
But there, where face to face we shall behold,
 Is home and heaven.

ONE less on earth!

Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;
One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;
One more the crown of ransomed souls to
 wear,
 At home in heaven!

ONE more in heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,
Another theme for thankfulness and praise,
Another link on high our souls to raise
 To home and heaven!

ONE more at home—

That home where separation cannot be,
That home where none are missed eternally
Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with thee,
 At home in heaven!

S. G. STOCK.

"THE NORWAY SHEEP."

THE fierce wind breaking from his bonds
 comes roaring from the west;
On every long, deep rolling wave the white
 horse shows his crest
As if a million mighty steeds had burst their
 masters' hold;
For the wild white sheep of Norway are com-
 ing to the fold.

The storm-drum shows its warning sign; the
 sea-gulls swoop and cry;
The fleecy clouds are driven fast across the
 stormy sky;
Along the sands the fresh foam-gouts in ghastly
 sport are rolled;
For the wild white sheep of Norway are com-
 ing to the fold.

Wistful the fisher seaward looks, out from
 the great stone pier,
Wistful he stands, the breakers' call along
 the cliffs to hear;
To hear across the flowing tide, the ceaseless
 rock-bell tolled,
While fast and fierce the Norway sheep are
 coming to the fold.

"The wife and bairns will get no bread from
 yonder sea," he thinks,
As his idle coble by the staithe strains at its
 cable's links;
Small use to bait the lines, or see the broad
 brown sails unrolled,
When the wild white sheep of Norway are
 coming to the fold.

"God guard the ships at sea to-night," the
 stern old sailors say,
Straining keen eyes across the waste of heav-
 ing, tossing spray,
Recalling many a bitter night of storm and
 dread of old,
When the wild white sheep of Norway were
 coming to the fold.

Oh! there is many an aching heart, here in
 the red-roofed town,
As wives and mothers hear the blast come
 wailing from the down;
Who knows what tale of death or wreck to-
 morrow may be told?
For the wild white sheep of Norway are com-
 ing to the fold.

All The Year Round.

THE pretty washermaid,
 She washes on always!
And as she rubs, and as she wrings,
Her shapely body sways and springs
 As if to burst her stays.

Her cheek is rich and shining
 And brown as any egg,
And when she dives into her tub,
To duck the linen she's to scrub,
 She shows the neatest leg!

Her round arms white with lather,
 Her elbows fresh and red,
Her mouth the rosiest of buds,
Who would not risk a shower of suds
 To kiss her dainty head?

W. E. HENLEY.

From The Quarterly Review.

ADMIRAL COLIGNY.*

IF the history of Europe during the sixteenth century is not adequately written, it will not be for lack of the necessary authorities; the materials are accessible in almost overwhelming profusion, and every decade adds its quota to the existing stock. Private industry vies with the unwearied efforts of national societies and successive governments in the reproduction of rare pamphlets, diplomatic memoirs, and State despatches. The archives of every capital in Europe (with one exception) are already at the command of the student, and there is reason to hope that the secret treasures of the Vatican will not be much longer withheld. Under such conditions the interest in this most fascinating period is not likely to decline, and the volumes named at the head of our article show how widely it is maintained. It would difficult to select five works dealing with the same period which should display greater variety of treatment or more uniform evidence of unsparing research. Count Jules Delaborde's conscientious labor has amassed in three ponderous volumes an exhaustive assemblage of all that can cast light upon one of the grandest figures of French Protestantism. His work supplies the text of many official documents, and of much hitherto unpublished correspondence, discovered in the manuscript department of the National Library; it gives ample extracts from Coligny's own letters, and copious appendices, filled with original authorities, besides the author's consecutive and painstaking narrative. All this

is done with such unwearied diligence, and with so earnest an admiration for his hero, that it seems ungracious to add that M. Delaborde lacks the genius which is requisite to breathe life into the statue he has so laboriously quarried. The briefer and brilliant study of M. Bersier glows with all the fire of the great Protestant preacher. The principle upon which M. Aguesse's useful history is compiled, is that of quoting in detail contemporary authorities, selected with much impartiality, although the author's bias in favor of the Reformers is not disguised. The care, with which exact reference is given to every extract in this modest work, is in singular contrast to the indifference to plagiarism which led Beza to incorporate without acknowledgment whole pages from Crespin, Laplace, and other contemporaries in his "*Histoire Ecclésiastique*," to whom, however, their due honor is restored in this magnificent edition of Messrs. Baum and Cunitz. Nor must we pass without a word of hearty appreciation Professor Baird's scholarly and interesting contribution to the American literature of an epoch which has scarcely received from English writers the attention it deserves.

It is the distinctive quality and characteristic of great men that they embody and express the highest attainment of which their age is capable. No man can be independent of the influence exerted by the times in which his life is cast. In the moral, as in the physical sphere, the organism is necessarily and largely affected by its environment; but it is exactly at this point that the force and value of character are felt; and it is in proportion to the degree in which noble principles raise a man above the moral standard of his age, that he is really great. Elementary as this truth may seem, it is essential to bear it in mind, if we would arrive at a just estimate of individual character. All true judgment takes into consideration the conditions of the age in which a man has lived; not that these can modify eternal rules of right and wrong, but that they may exercise their legitimate weight in deciding each man's rank in the scale of honor. To assert that

* 1. *Gaspard de Coligny, Amiral de France*. Par Le Comte Jules Delaborde. Three vols. Paris, 1879-1882.

2. *Coligny avant les Guerres de Religion*. Par Eugène Bersier. Paris, 1884.

3. *Histoire de l'Etablissement du Protestantisme en France*. Contenant l'Histoire Politique et Religieuse de la Nation depuis François Premier jusqu'à l'Edit de Nantes. Par L'Aguesse. Vols. 1 and 2. Paris, 1886.

4. *Histoire Ecclésiastique des Eglises Réformées au Royaume de France*. Edition Nouvelle avec commentaire, notice bibliographique et table des faits et des noms propres. Par feu G. Baum et Ed. Cunitz. Vols 1 and 2. Paris, 1883, 1884.

5. *History of the Rise of the Huguenots*. By Henry M. Baird, Professor in the University of the City of New York. 2 vols. London, 1880.

every man should be judged according to that he hath, and not according to that he hath not, might be deemed superfluous, were it not that grave historians have not seldom measured men of past ages by the standard of their own, and have expected them to be guided by maxims which, although now universally acknowledged, were in their day as unknown as the application of electricity or of steam. These thoughts present themselves as we attempt to treat of Coligny's life. His manhood embraces so large a share in the history of France, that we cannot satisfactorily condense it within the space at our command. We propose therefore to take the salient points of his career in the light of its surrounding conditions. So viewed, his moral stature is truly heroic, we had almost said sublime.

The modern theory of heredity could hardly allege a more striking illustration in its favor than that afforded by the Châtillons. They sprang from a race of warriors who had fought in the Crusades, and had exercised sovereign rights in the Middle Ages over their estates. Dignified independence, military genius, scrupulous care for their subjects, reverence for women, and signal obedience to their mothers—no mean ingredients of true nobility—were hereditary in the family. The admiral's father—a man “with a good head and a strong arm”—was only known as a brave officer who had risen by favor of Francis I. to be a marshal of France, when he left to his widow the care of four sons, of whom Dandelot, the youngest, was but five months old, in addition to her three children by a former marriage. But Louise de Montmorenci was not unworthy of the age in which women exercised unparalleled influence over the destiny of nations. Herself the niece of the famous constable of France, the *dame d'honneur* to Queen Eleanor of Austria, “the good cousin and perfect friend” of Marguerite of Valois, mistress of a château where royalty was no infrequent guest, she was no less remarkable for the simplicity and unsullied purity of her life, for her sound judgment and genuine piety, than for the beauty which she transmitted to her children, whom (in vio-

lation of the prevailing court fashions) she nourished at her own breasts. After a few years of home education under Nicolas Bérauld, a ripe scholar and friend of Erasmus and De Berquin, the boys were sent to Paris to share the lessons and exercises of the royal children. The following letter written at this period, when Gaspar was fifteen years old, is too characteristic of the time to be omitted:—

Gaspar de Coligny to Nicolas Bérauld—greeting. You desire me to give you some news of the Court, although, as a rule, you evince a dislike to be informed of it; and I am not accustomed to occupy my mind with such great and important matters. However, I will only consider the affection which binds us to each other and your legitimate wishes. I will then constrain myself to trace out to you, with all the fidelity I can, what I have been able to ascertain. And, first of all, no one as yet asserts that the Sovereign Pontiff is dead. All that can be said positively is, that he is so ill that from day to day we expect rather to hear of his death than of the prolongation of his existence. At Rome there appear here and there men in arms, some prepared for pillage, others resolved to defend their homes against criminal attacks. On September 8th our cardinals quitted the port of Marseilles. It is generally believed that they have arrived at Rome, and even are already sitting in conclave. Very serious complications are arising: the common enemies of mankind and the adversaries of the French name command the sea; the Roman Campagna is a prey to hostilities; in short, no access on any side remains open. Nevertheless, amidst the doubt and anxiety which hang over everything, the King does not allow his courage to be depressed; far from it; as though well-founded hopes animated him, he devotes himself daily to the chase and rides down stags out hunting, or despatches wild boars entangled in the nets. Occasionally I indulge in the same exercise; but the greater part of my time is consecrated to the reading of Cicero and to study of the Tables of Ptolemy under Du Main. There, now you are abreast of the Court business as I have been able to make it out! On your side now, if you will, inform me of what is passing both in the town and at home. Since the above was written the King has received definite news of the Pope's death, just as every one thought he was in a fair way of recovery. (Delaborde, i., pp. 33, 34.)

A passing glance at both the conclave and the court may reveal to us some startling features of the age. Amongst the cardinals to whom Coligny's letter adverts was his own brother Odet, who, through the constable's influence, had been admitted to the Sacred College at the ripe age of sixteen, and was consequently entitled to vote on the occasion of a vacancy in the chair of St. Peter. In the spring of this year, 1534, he was not only made Archbishop of Toulouse, but also had dispensation from residence at the papal court, and permission to hold several rich abbeys and important priories. A twelve-month later the bishopric of Beauvais — one of the most ancient ecclesiastical peerages of France — was added to the ample endowments already heaped upon the boyish prelate. Henceforth Cardinal Odet renounced all share in the patrimony of the Châtillons, and Gaspard was regarded as the head of the family.

A single incident may help us to realize the moral atmosphere which was shed around the brilliant court where Coligny spent his boyhood. About four months after the date of this letter to Bérauld, the royal household was entertained after dinner by the burning of six heretics, one of whom was a woman. It was on January 19th, 1535. Amongst the company was Cardinal Duprat, chancellor of France, bishop of half-a-dozen sees besides his archbishopric of Sens, whose cathedral never saw him enter until his corpse was borne there to its burial. So great was his Eminence's corpulence that a place had to be cut out from the dining-table to admit his belly, and so eminent was his skill as an epicure that he had just invented a new dish — *filets d'anon* — upon which all the courtiers doated. The mode of execution employed was the *estrapade*. The victims were fastened to a beam which played up and down, and alternately dipped them into and withdrew them from the flames. As the torture was prolonged the Duchesse d'Etampes turned to Duprat and complained, not of the atrocious cruelty of the punishment, but of the smell of burning flesh. "Madame," replied the cardinal jocosely, "it is clear you have never entered your kitchen when pork was

being cooked — the odor is exactly the same."

The notoriety of such horrors must have affected Coligny at this most impressionable period of life, although he was doubtless sheltered by the care of his governor, De Brunelay, from attending them. Meanwhile he was revelling in all the energy of healthy youth, disciplining himself to wake at any hour, joining in the roughest games with the dauphin and François de Guise. Always foremost, says Brantôme, where blows were thickest, there was sure to be mischief where Coligny and his inseparable companion, Guise, were concerned. The two comrades, dressed and accoutred alike, indulged in the wildest extravagances, in mock combats and masquerades, and it was noticed that they always took the same side in these mimic battles. Through all this exuberance of animal spirits, and in the midst of a society that was steeped in sensuality, the young Coligny was conspicuous for personal purity, singular generosity, and unswerving loyalty to truth. His extreme deliberation in utterance, in which he imitated De Brunelay, was probably an outward sign of his habitual self-control, as was also his perfect command of his countenance, which betrayed no emotion under any emergency — a quality he shared with the cardinal and Dandelot.

It was just at the moment when his protection would have been of most value to his nephews, that the Constable Montmorency fell under the displeasure of Francis, and the young men were left to carve out their fortunes for themselves. The war with Charles V. had been renewed, and in 1542 Coligny made his first campaign. He soon won distinction at the siege of Binche. The French artillery was so badly planted as to be useless, and the young noblesse, stimulated by the presence of the dauphin, rushed at the ditches and were met by a murderous fire. Coligny was amongst the wounded. The gallantry of members of his personal staff could not fail to attract the attention of the heir-apparent and to command promotion; and in the Italian campaign of 1544, although no decisive battle was fought, the future Huguenot general was studying military

tactics, improving the discipline of his regiment, and acquiring the reputation of a sound and able officer. The peace concluded with the emperor left Francis at liberty to exert all his energies against Henry VIII.; but the French monarch was weary of war, and the preliminaries of a truce were arranged upon condition that each side should maintain their defences *in statu quo*. Coligny had been transferred to a command in Normandy, had carefully mastered the topography and defences of Boulogne, and had already formed a plan for attempting its reduction.

On his dying bed, Francis warned his successor against the insatiable ambition of the Guises. If ever they grasped the reins of government, they would despoil his descendants and reduce France to the extremity of misery. His advice fell upon unwilling ears. The two brothers, François and the Cardinal of Lorraine, were supreme at the court of Henry II., and the obsequious slaves of Diana of Poitiers. Their proposal that their brother Claude should marry a daughter of the reigning beauty, occasioned the first coolness between Guise and Coligny. When consulted on this project, Coligny had replied bluntly, "I prefer a pinch of authority with honor to a pound without it," and Guise sheltered his annoyance behind the pretext that his friend was jealous of the good fortune which the alliance would confer. But the constable, now restored to royal favor, strongly upheld his kinsmen, and no immediate breach ensued with the Guises.

We must linger a moment over the death of the Maréchale de Châtillon, which followed shortly after that of the French king. It would be hard to find a more beautiful elegy than the letter of condolence, which the Chancellor l'Hôpital addressed to Cardinal Odet.

Why distress yourself over your mother's death? We should not call by the name of death the passage to a better and eternal life, the exchange of this inhospitable and sordid earth for a cloudless and unbounded sojourn in the skies. He who dies with a tranquil conscience surrounded by a pious and loving offspring, must be regarded as divinely privileged, as exceptionally fortunate. How happy was your mother! She could fearlessly go down to the inmost folds of her conscience or look without around her. Her life both before and after her marriage had been free from a shadow of suspicion. . . . Having accomplished all her duties as a mother, she could pride herself in her children and grandchildren, upon a posterity more perfect than she could ever have dreamed of. Arrived at a

great age, in full possession of her faculties, confident of a yet better life, she has gone up to heaven. What more beautiful end of a more noble life could better console your sorrow or better dry your tears?

How far Louise de Montmorenci was imbued with the Reformed opinions is a little obscure. On her deathbed she reiterated, again and again, her reliance upon the divine mercy and her assurance of eternal salvation. "His mercy shall be from generation to generation upon them that fear him," was the text which was constantly on her lips. In her last moments she desired Odet to prevent any priest from attending her. God had given her the singular grace of teaching her how to fear and to serve him.

It was well, perhaps, that so suspicious a decease was sheltered beneath the powerful roof of the constable, for unorthodoxy, under Henry II., was the one unpardonable crime. Adultery, of which the monarch himself set the most flagrant example, extortion, murder veiled under the guise of justifiable revenge, even incest — if the accusations against the Cardinal of Lorraine are to be credited — were not incompatible with the royal favor; but no quarter was given to the faintest suspicion of heterodoxy, even under such conditions as might reasonably mitigate royal and orthodox displeasure. In the funeral sermon over Francis I., his grand almoner, Pierre du Châtel, Bishop of Mâcon, declared that brilliant and immaculate monarch had lived so well that his spirit had gone straight to heaven without passing through the expiatory flames of purgatory. Forthwith certain doctors were deputed to denounce to the king the monstrous heresy, which dared to suggest that his royal father's soul was not duly subjected to nameless torture. The question was being gravely discussed when the chief *maitre d'hôtel* intervened. "Gentlemen, what monsieur the almoner said exactly suits the character of my worthy master, the late king; and you can rely upon my word, who knew him better than any one. He was not a prince of a humor to stay long at any place whatever. [The king's restlessness during his later years was notorious.] Believe me, if he ever entered purgatory, he only just staid long enough to taste the wine, as he would always do in passing." This pleasantry saved Du Châtel from any sterner penalty than banishment from court. *Solvuntur risu tabule.*

The death of Louise de Montmorenci left the leading personages in France

characteristically employed. Henry II. and Diana of Poitiers were squandering the national resources in shameless dissipation and luxury. The two Guises were busy with projects for promoting their house to a royal position, designing the throne of Naples for one member of the family and the papal tiara for another. The constable was augmenting, without much regard for delicacy or honor, the enormous fortune he had already amassed. And Coligny, who at the age of twenty-eight had been appointed "colonel and captain-general of French infantry"—a post second only in importance to that of commander-in-chief—was devoting himself to improve the discipline of his troops. The need for such reform was terribly urgent. The disorder was frightful. Nothing but pillage, theft, abduction, brigandage, murders, quarrels, and lewdness, (says Brantôme) was prevalent in the ranks, so that they were more like a horde of Arabs or bandits than noble soldiers; and so inveterate were these excesses, that the officers were quite unconcerned about them.* A glance at the military code drawn up by Coligny reveals not only the nature of the disorders he designed to suppress, but the high standard of conduct he attempted to establish. Besides such elementary rules as are indispensable for the maintenance of due subordination, it embodied some remarkable moral penalties. The soldier who, without just cause, had maligned the honor of a comrade, was to be declared before all the troops to be himself stamped with the shame his charge implied. The blasphemer was to stand in some public place for three days, for three hours each day, and then, bareheaded, to ask God for pardon. It is astonishing that so young a man, in the days of the Valois and the Guises should have prescribed regulations that can only find a parallel in the ordinances of Gustavus Adolphus; but it would be difficult to exaggerate their importance. Brantôme asserts, that they saved the lives and property of more than a million of people.

The reduction to order of an undisci-

* At the capture of Arlon in 1552 a very beautiful girl was given as part of his share in the spoil to Coligny. His first anxiety was to preserve her from insult, and he sent her at her own request, under military escort, to a neighboring convent. On their way they were met by a band of marauders, who dispersed the escort and outraged their helpless charge. The Duke of Orleans, to whom Coligny appealed, was surprised at his squeamishness, and only reluctantly yielded to his persistent demand for the punishment of the offenders, who were eventually executed, not for the violence done to the girl, but for the military insubordination of dispersing the escort.

plined rabble was no easy task, and was only accomplished by the occasional exertion of an iron will. Coligny soon made it plain that he was born to command. When the English slaughtered their French prisoners, he at once resorted to reprisals, and reduced them to observe the laws of honorable war. Personally brave to the verge of rashness; so disinterested that he flung for distribution among his troops the prize-money granted him personally by his sovereign, to the no small wrath of the avaricious constable; ever foremost where danger was hottest, he soon endeared himself to all ranks, so that one angry word from him quelled the most rebellious spirit. His disdain for skulkers, of whatever station, was profound and outspoken. "I would sooner be dead and buried beneath fifty feet of earth, than have behaved as you did," was his blunt rebuke in the royal presence to Strozzi, who had failed adequately to support his attack upon the English fleet. To these qualities were added that careful attention to, and mastery of, details which are essential, though inconspicuous, elements of success.

The presence of so active a general soon made itself felt in the Boulonnais, where the war languished under the inadequate support afforded to the English army by "the Protestant Misrule." On April 25th, 1550, Coligny took formal possession of Boulogne in his master's name, and shortly afterwards he crossed over to England to conclude the terms of peace with Edward VI. The importance of the service thus rendered by Coligny's regiment induced Henry to adopt his code of discipline for the whole French army; and high honors, conferred in rapid succession, testified to the influence he had gained through his own abilities and the favor of the constable. Within five years the important charges of governor of Paris, admiral of France, and governor of Picardy,—the latter one of the most responsible positions in the kingdom—were united to his command of the French infantry. It was a magnificent position for a young man of thirty-six, which the marriage of his niece with Louis de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, might be expected to consolidate and advance.

In January, 1552, war was once more declared against Charles V., and France entered upon the contest with frantic enthusiasm. Young men of family crowded into the ranks as volunteers for service in Italy and the three bishoprics. Townsfolk left their counting-houses, artisans

their workshops. German allies swelled the royal forces. Toul and Metz opened their gates to the French army, and, although Strasburg held out, Verdun was carried. It was not until September that the emperor sat down with sixty thousand of the finest troops in Europe, and one hundred and fourteen guns before Metz, and vowed that he would not leave it, if he had to wear out three armies one after another, until it surrendered. The gallant resistance of Guise was loyally seconded by Coligny, whose ample correspondence with the hero of Metz bears marks of his old and affectionate regard. It might seem invidious to inquire how much of Guise's success was due to the terrible winter season, which swallowed up a third of Charles's army in its camp amongst the marshes around Metz; how much to Coligny's skilful capture of Hesdin, which saved Picardy and compelled Charles to raise the siege. No need to question the glory of the defender of Metz, nor his place amongst the foremost captains of his age.

We must pass rapidly over the events of the next two years. The death of his father in 1555 obliged Antoine de Bourbon to resign the government of Picardy, and Coligny was appointed to succeed him. His brother Dandelot, to whom the king had promised the command of the French infantry, and François de Montmorenci, who was to take over the governorship of Paris, were both prisoners in the hands of Charles, and the admiral retained their offices until they were released. Meanwhile the charge of his frontier province engrossed Coligny's time, and doubtless helped to mature his views regarding the policy which France ought to pursue. He was indignant that so much French blood and treasure were squandered beyond the Alps, whilst he could not obtain the means to put Picardy into a state of defence. The smallest village of Artois or Flanders was of more importance in his eyes than a whole Italian kingdom. Other causes of anxiety were abundant and palpable. Religious discord was driving a line of cleavage through the whole nation. The court was split into factions, and rival counsels distracted the royal policy. The boundless extravagance of Diana of Poitiers was dissipating the national income. Although the people were crushed under taxation imposed to provide for national defence, the army was disorganized, the arsenals unfurnished, the royal dockyards empty. Accusations of heresy were fomented that

the estates of the condemned might swell the fortune of the king's mistress or provide marriage portions for her children. Thoughtful men were appalled at the waste which threatened national bankruptcy, and were sickened at the judicial murder of blameless citizens. To terminate a costly and unprofitable war, to husband the resources of the country, and to unite all Frenchmen in concord by a measure of religious toleration, was the policy which commended itself to all enlightened and patriotic minds.

An incident which befell Coligny in 1555 will serve to illustrate this condition of affairs. Mary, sister of Charles V. and regent of the Low Countries, had confiscated all French vessels trading in Flemish ports. Henry ordered his admiral to avenge the insult. "Your Majesty has no navy," was the reply, "and I know not where you can turn for one except to the merchants and seamen of Dieppe." The old Norman town bravely responded to its monarch's call. Still only nineteen vessels, hastily equipped, the largest not exceeding one hundred and fifty tons, were all that could be brought together under the Sieur d'Epineville to await the coming of the Spanish galleons. Presently twenty-four ships of from four to five hundred tons burden, mounted with heavy guns, hove in sight. The Frenchmen at once rushed to close quarters, and after a desperate struggle, in which five of their own ships were lost, gained a complete victory. Half the Flemish fleet were sunk; six more were towed rich prizes into port next day. The gallant D'Epineville was among the slain. What might not be done with such bold hearts as these, if only they were well trained, well appointed, and well led? The history of early maritime discovery told how the sailors of the Norman coast had been the first European visitors to the coast of Guinea, and under the famous Anjo had chastised the arrogance of Portugal and compelled respect to the French flag. Nor had the bold sea-dogs of France lost any of their skill and courage. Why should they tamely submit to Spanish usurpation over the western continent? Why should they not share in its romantic wealth and found there a home of religious freedom beyond the reach of papal and royal bigotry? Thoughts such as these were maturing in the mind of the admiral; but the first essential was peace with Charles. The hope of releasing Dandelot from his long captivity further enhanced the satisfaction, with which Coligny ac-

cepted the mission to conclude the Treaty of Vaucelles.

Already in this year (1555) Coligny had made the bold venture of despatching an expedition to Brazil. It was the first effort to found a French colony, and Villegagnon, its leader, a skilful seaman and brave soldier, who had been promoted for good service to be vice-admiral of Brittany, had many of the qualities which might ensure success. We commend to those who have leisure and taste for such studies the picturesque narrative in which Jean de Léry details the causes of its failure. No wonder that his book had already reached its third edition in 1594, for it presents a singular combination of quaint simplicity and manly piety, of vivid description and thrilling adventure, from which we might have quoted largely did our space permit. Léry was not one of the original colonists, but he formed one of the fourteen companions, including two Huguenot pastors, who went from Geneva the following year, at Villegagnon's request, to join the settlement. It is a strange world that is depicted in his pages. The three ships which formed the second armament practised unblushing piracy on the merchantmen of friends and foes indifferently. Religious disputes distracted the colonists, in which Villegagnon took a prominent part, and as he added to the possession of absolute secular authority the dogmatic intolerance of a theological disputant, his opponents soon longed to return to Europe.

Embarked in an unseaworthy vessel, their homeward voyage was one long struggle against peril of death in manifold shapes, aggravated by the lawlessness of the crew and by discord amongst the officers. The ship sprung a leak, and was only kept afloat by constant exertion. At one time they are close upon coral reefs "so sharp that, had we struck on them, we should have been saved all trouble of pumping." At another, flocks of birds from the guano islands light upon the rigging, but the hungry sailors find them all feathers, with bodies no bigger than sparrows. Before a third part of the voyage is over, they begin to devour their monkeys and parrots. At fifteen hundred miles from home they were put on half rations, and when they calculated that they should shortly be in port the pilot was nine hundred miles out of his reckoning. At length, when the most repulsive food, even to the leather off their trunks, had been all consumed; when the aged Master Richter, their pastor, could no

longer lift himself up to pray; when they began to eye one another with the horrible longing of cannibals, they reached the coast of Brittany. "I doubt not," adds the author, "that the Rabbellists, who scoff with their legs under their dinner-tables, would have been in terrible fright if they had been obliged to face such dangers." The colony was shortly after broken up, and Villegagnon returned to France, where he became a violent opponent of the Huguenots. Léry asserts that, if he had conducted his government wisely, ten thousand Frenchmen would have settled in Brazil, and would have added a valuable territory to the possessions of the Most Christian king.

During the negotiation of the Treaty of Vaucelles, Coligny was still in high favor at court. Vexatious delay arose over the terms on which the prisoners should be released, and the firmness displayed by the admiral elicited the king's warmest approval. "My cousin" (wrote Henry, under date January 25th, 1556), "after seeing your despatch, I will only tell you that I could not be better pleased or satisfied with a servant than I am with you. You have borne yourself so well and worthily in the conduct of this discussion, that no one has ever done me more acceptable service." When the preliminaries of the truce were arranged, the admiral set out, attended by a thousand gentlemen, to receive its solemn ratification from Charles and Philip; but at the frontier Coligny was met by the intimation that it would be impossible to accommodate so large a retinue at Brussels.

It is mortifying that nothing worthy of the occasion is recorded of the meeting of Coligny with Philip and his father. The two great opposing principles which were to contend in such protracted and far-reaching rivalry — whose issues would for centuries affect the destiny of western Christendom — might seem embodied in the persons of their powerful champions. The grave dignity of the admiral was well calculated to elicit something more than garrulous frivolity from the retired monarch; but beyond the merest commonplace compliments, the narrative of an eyewitness is engrossed by the exploits of Brusquet, the French court buffoon. Philip had received the embassy in an audience chamber hung with tapestry which represented the defeat of Pavia, and Brusquet, without making any one acquainted with his purpose, determined to avenge the insult.

Next day mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Arras, at which the King assisted in his oratory, and opposite to him the Admiral and the chief gentlemen of his suite. When mass was over the King approached the altar and the Bishop of Arras handed him the Holy Gospel, on which he swore and promised to observe the Treaty. Directly this was done, Brusquet and his servant began to shout loudly, "Largesse!" They had each a bag full of royal French crowns, which they began to scatter all about. . . . The King at this outcry turned in astonishment to the Admiral, who knew not what to say as he was not in the secret; but he discovered what Brusquet and his man were doing and pointed the King to them. They played their part so well that the attendants, who were more than 2,000 both men and women, thinking it was a gift of the King's, eagerly bent themselves to gather up the crowns, the archers of the guard amongst the first, who soon came to the point of using their halberds. The rest of the crowd joined in such confusion, the women with dishevelled hair and their purses cut, men and women quite upset by such strange drollery, so that the King laughed until he was obliged to hold on by the altar to save himself from falling. . . . The farce lasted for more than an hour, and at its conclusion the King wished to have Brusquet to entertain him during his dinner, who, after a great many buffooneries, paid him in different coin. For at the last course, with the King's permission—who, however, had no idea what he was going to do—he took hold of the two lower ends of the cloth, threw himself upon the table, rolled along all its length, seized the other two ends, and wrapping himself and all that was within it round with the cloth, carried it off, having first made his bow, and said, "Many thanks!" (Delaborde, vol. i., pp. 193, 4.)

However ludicrous these scenes may appear, there was serious business in abundance to be discussed, and the release of the prisoners was only accomplished after interminable procrastination on the part of Granvelle. Hardly was the treaty definitely concluded, than its violation was resolved on at Fontainebleau, and Coligny felt all the mortification of a statesman whose most cherished policy is reversed at the very moment of its triumph, and of a patriot whose country is imperilled by fantastic selfish ambition. Already a coolness had arisen between himself and Guise; but the latter had now acquired complete mastery over the weak and self-indulgent Henry, and all Coligny's remonstrances were vain. Their immediate effect was entirely to alienate the king's favor. The folly of the rupture of the peace of Vaucelles was only surpassed by the treachery with which it was put

into execution. Guise was despatched in November to Italy, at the head of an army which comprised the finest troops in France. Coligny was bidden to cross the frontier, without any previous declaration of war, and seize upon one of the Spanish strongholds in the Low Countries. He was deeply sensible of the danger to which his own government of Picardy was exposed, and he vainly endeavored during the six months which elapsed between the declaration of war on the last day of January, 1557, and the actual commencement of hostilities, to put the province in a state of defence. His representations were unheeded. Henry's mind was engrossed with the Italian campaign. A meagre force of twenty-three thousand men, one-third of whom were German mercenaries, which the Duke of Nevers commanded until the arrival of the constable, was all that could be spared for the defence of the most vulnerable frontier of the kingdom.

Suddenly the news arrived that the duke of Savoy had marched upon St. Quentin. If the town were carried, the road to Paris lay open to the invader; but its fall was inevitable. It contained but one hundred and fifty men-at-arms, and the best French troops had been despatched to serve under Guise in Italy. Its defences had been allowed to fall into decay, and they were already commanded by the enemy's artillery. It would have required eight thousand men adequately to man its walls, and Coligny could only introduce some four hundred and fifty to withstand a besieging force of fifty-six thousand infantry and twelve thousand cavalry. Supplies were failing, ammunition and guns were wanting. Needless to add, that failure to resist such a force, under the command of so skilful a general as Emmanuel Philibert, was absolutely foredoomed. Yet if the army could be detained before its walls for a few priceless weeks, time would be gained to recall Guise from Italy, and to save the capital. With perfect assurance that prolonged resistance was impossible, Coligny instantly determined to sacrifice his own reputation to the welfare of his country, and on the night of the 2nd of August he threw himself with his scanty troop into the town. The engineer officer who accompanied him, declared that he had never entered so evil a place.

The story of the siege has been fully told. Coligny himself desired at once to while away the tedium of his captivity, and to hand down an exact relation of the

straits to which he had been reduced, and his simple and soldierly narrative is confirmed in its essentials by other writers, more especially by a Spanish officer who was present. Coligny's own efforts were at first admirably seconded by the citizens. Women emulated the energy of men in working at the ramparts. Provisions for three months were discovered upon strict perquisition, and all were put on rations. Sanitary precautions were adopted; rigid discipline enforced. All useless persons were compelled to leave the city. Above all, urgent requests for succor were despatched to the constable. Even when Montmorenci's efforts to relieve his nephew had resulted in the crushing defeat of St. Quentin, in which his army was annihilated and himself taken prisoner; when Dandelot by a supreme effort had only been able to penetrate into the town with a force of four hundred men; when the citizens were so discouraged that they had to be hunted from their homes and driven with blows to the walls; when a field battery of fifty guns had made many a breach in the wretched curtain walls, which over long reaches of ground were the only ramparts—the admiral refused to speak of capitulating. Summoning the town council, he said: "If you ever hear me propose to yield, hurl me as a coward into the ditch outside the walls; if any one proposes surrender to me, I will do the same to him."

On August 24th, Philip ordered eight arrows to be shot into the streets of St. Quentin, around each of which was wrapped a paper assuring the people that they should have favorable terms if they would give in; should they refuse, he would put them all to the sword. Coligny shot them back, with nothing but the words "*Regem habemus*" upon them in reply. We regard the loyalty and devotion to his country—incarnate in a sovereign so personally indifferent to him as Henry—thus displayed as insurpassable. It is characteristic of Coligny's noble and modest nature that he makes no mention of this incident. Three days later, when eleven breaches had been made by the enemy's fire, a general assault was ordered, and the Spaniards at one point drove in the thin line of young, unseasoned soldiers which filled a yawning space in the defences. In vain Coligny endeavored to rally them. The town was carried, and the admiral was taken prisoner. After two days of plunder and cruelty, of fire and slaughter; after the murder in cold blood of all the men who

could not provide a ransom; after thirty-five hundred women, preserved by great efforts on the part of Philip, had been driven out, half naked and mutilated—aged matrons, their white hair bedabbled with blood, young mothers with infants at their withered breasts—the piety of the Spanish monarch prompted him to make solemn entry into the city, from which every living soul had first been ruthlessly expelled, that he might save *the body of St. Quentin and the sacred relics!* Most of these details are supplied us by the Spanish officer already mentioned, to whom the scene recalled the destruction of Jerusalem. A century later the city had not recovered its prosperity, and wolves entered in winter through its gaping walls.

The consternation produced by the fall of St. Quentin would have been more profound had France been permitted, like ourselves, a glimpse behind the scenes. The peace which Coligny had so painfully contrived had no sooner been overturned by Carafa and the Guises, than the former of these high contracting parties realized the impossibility of carrying out their schemes, and secretly tried to make terms with Alva. A rapid march upon Paris might have laid all France at the mercy of Philip; but the victor hesitated, and the opportunity was lost. The whole country flew to arms. The capital, stirred up by Catherine de Médicis, voted ample supplies. Henry, roused from the pleasures of Compiègne, urgently recalled Guise, to whom the pope Paul IV. sarcastically bade farewell: "Go, then! You have done small service to your sovereign, still less for the Church, none for your own honor." Stripped to their shirts and barefooted, the brilliant army sent out six months before was only saved from starvation by the forced loan of one hundred thousand crowns, which Guise extorted from the duke of Ferrara. Yet all hopes were centred in the hero of Metz, and popular opinion confirmed his appointment as lieutenant-general with absolute authority in so pressing an emergency. The care of the national finances was at the same time confided to his brother the cardinal.

Never was the irony of fate more strikingly manifested than in the acclamations which greeted Guise's entry into Paris, whilst Coligny was a prisoner within the walls of L'Ecluse. The man whose tortuous and unpatriotic policy had brought about the disaster from which France was suffering, the man whose selfish ambition

had wrecked in Italy the army which would have been priceless for defence at this juncture, the man who had been first befooled and then betrayed by Carafa, and who was now compelled to return almost a fugitive, was hailed as a saviour by the court and the populace. Coligny, on the other hand, whose self-sacrificing heroism had saved the capital, and whose obstinate tenacity in a hopeless struggle had kept the enemy at bay until the country could recover from its panic, languished in his Flemish prison, execrated by the mob and shamelessly neglected by the sovereign he had so faithfully served. The hours of his captivity were solaced by writing a full description of the siege of St. Quentin, and by study of the Holy Scriptures and such other books as the care of Dandelot supplied him. It is to this period that we may assign his conversion to the Reformed faith.

There was no pursuit more congenial to the taste of Philip II. than to pry into the inmost hearts of those who tenanted his dungeons. No scientific student of modern times dissects with keener scalpel the intricacies of a living organism, or pursues its network of nerves and veins with greater patience and more accomplished skill. With unwearied assiduity the royal detective would follow up the most obscure clue, and no faintest emotion of pity quivered in the judgment which consigned a victim to the scaffold, or to the more cruel destiny of slow and secret poison. Like master, like man. Granvelle immediately became acquainted with the character of the literature conveyed to Coligny, and in the course of negotiations with the Cardinal of Lorraine he hinted at the questionable orthodoxy of the Châtillons and at the powerful *point d'appui* which men of their position and ability would furnish to the Huguenot party. He did not think it necessary to explain that he himself took every care that the dangerous books should reach their destination, in order that Coligny, confirmed by their study in his heretical opinions, might become a formidable opponent to the Guises. To betray the secret of a prisoner was but an ordinary piece of craft; but to delude and possibly to damage both the Cardinal of Lorraine and Coligny at one and the same stroke, was a feat not altogether unworthy of even so finished a craftsman. The insinuation fell on willing ears. The absence of Dandelot from mass quickened the suspicions which the Cardinal of Lorraine, in his turn, suggested to Henry. The matter was debated

after the customary fashion of the day. Whilst at dinner Henry turned to Dandelot, and, recounting the many favors he had conferred on him, he added, "The last return I looked for was *that you should rebel against the religion of your sovereign.*" It was the staple argument, "Une foi, une loi, un roi." Dandelot admitted how greatly indebted he was to the king's favor, and affirmed that he was ready to spend life and fortune a thousand times over in his service, "but after this, sire, you will not think it strange if I study to ensure my salvation." The discussion waxed hotter, and the intervention of the Cardinal of Lorraine added fuel to the flames. At length the king in a fury dashed his plate to the ground, wounding the dauphin, who was beside him, and ordered Dandelot to be put under arrest. He was forthwith deprived of his post of lieutenant-general of infantry, and only obtained his release by consenting to go to mass.

The relative positions of France and Spain were largely changed when Coligny was set at liberty in February, 1559. England was no longer under Philip's control. Discontent was growing in the Netherlands. The finances of Spain were exhausted, and the orthodox country was seriously tainted with heresy. France, through the energy and military skill of Guise, had not only recovered Calais, but had wrested the three bishoprics and many important towns in Luxemburg from the enemy. Both sides wished for peace, and both were influenced by the same motive—a determination to put down heresy with increased severity; but the Cardinal of Lorraine, who negotiated the treaty, wanted to secure Philip's support, and he sacrificed his country's interests without hesitation to his own. The terms of the Treaty of Chateau-Cambrésis were so onerous to France that even Guise remonstrated warmly. "Sire, you are surrendering in a day what would not have been wrung from you by thirty years of disaster." The Italian allies of Henry were abandoned. The towns in Luxemburg were restored. By the surrender of Savoy and Piedmont, the enemy was left at the gates of Lyons. The bond was sealed by the marriage of Elizabeth of France, a child of thirteen, to Philip, now left for the second time a widower, and Alva, accompanied by a brilliant retinue, arrived at Paris to act as proxy for the bridegroom. At a royal hunt Henry conversed freely with a member of Alva's train about the mutual agreement between

Philip and himself to exterminate heretics throughout all Christendom. He had selected as his confidant William the Silent, Prince of Orange! The fires of persecution were quickly alight, and none could tell to what excesses Henry would have been driven, had not the lance of Montgomery brought a respite, in which the Huguenots recognized the finger of God. It was noticed that the tapestried coverlet thrown over the bed, on which the king lay in state, represented the conversion of St. Paul, and bore the legend worked in large letters, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

At the death of Henry, the Guises became all-powerful. The Bourbon princes and the constable were dismissed from court, and Coligny retired to Châtillon-sur-Loing. On his return from captivity he had remodelled and enlarged this ancestral home, which was previously of almost royal magnificence. The employment of the Renaissance style of architecture, then so much in vogue, entirely removed the gloom of the old mediæval fortress, from whose lofty tower an extensive view was gained which embraced Montargis, the home of Renée of Ferrara. A new picture-gallery in the south wing was filled with paintings from the pencil of Primaticci and his school, recording the principal military exploits of the Châtillons. Jean Goujon had carved the marvellous bas-reliefs and the caryatides, in which he specially excelled. Several rooms were adorned with frescoes designed by Julio Romano. From the portico three terraces, which still remain, arranged one above another, lead to extensive gardens, and testify, as do the walls of the enormous hothouses, to the magnificence and taste of its owner. Such a country residence betokened culture and refinement far in advance of the great military nobles of the day, and suggested nothing of that tinge of Puritan asceticism which perhaps colored the thoughts of its noble-minded owners.

The admiral's manner of life was remarkably dignified and simple. He had married, in 1547, Charlotte de Laval, a daughter of one of the first families in France, and their union had been a singularly happy one, and had been blessed with several children. His home life might (and did) serve as a model for a Christian gentleman. He was an early riser, very abstemious in the use of food and wine, a great reader, devoted to the education of his children, to the transaction of business, to the management of his

large retinue, and to personal care for the sick and poor. Every other day preaching — then almost the only means of distinct religious instruction — was held at the castle. The master set an example of personal devotion and practical piety, himself conducting household prayer in the absence of the chaplain, ministering with careful inquiry to the necessities of the sick, and adjusting all disputes amongst his servants, especially at the seasons in which the Lord's Supper was to be administered. In all these occupations he was cordially seconded by his wife, who accepted "the religion" before him, and exercised no little influence at the great crises of his history. It is charming to learn that so beautiful and pure a life was made happy and attractive to the children. "I am entertaining my cousin and her children," wrote Henri de Condé some years later to him, "and there are few evenings that we do not have a happy time of it *after your fashion*, all romping joyously together."

From this simple picture of the inner life of the great soldier-statesman, it is with a shudder that we return to the court of Francis II. Whose heart is not touched with pity at the thought of the young king, feeble alike in body and mind, with his fair young wife, whose winsome beauty called forth from Catherine de Médicis the one genuine burst of womanly admiration we can recall in her voluminous correspondence: "Our Scotch queenlet wins all hearts, and one smile from her will turn anybody's head"? To think of that young couple, attended by express direction of the Guises by the king's younger brothers, habituated to the brutal spectacle of the Huguenot martyrdoms! The death of Henry had brought but momentary repose, and the persecution flamed out fiercer than ever; yet "the religion" seemed to thrive on suffering. The death of Du Bourg synchronizes with the formal organization of the Protestant Synod, and the open adhesion of Coligny. It was assuredly not the moment for any, save the stoutest hearts, to cast in their lot with the Reformers. Soon the conspiracy of Amboise afforded the pretext for more terrible atrocities. Hundreds perished at the hands of the executioner. Hundreds more, tied hands and feet together and flung into the Loire, anticipated the *noyades* of the Revolution: "Except, indeed, that a prince of the Church, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, took the place of the butcher Carrier, and that Catherine de Médicis and her ladies

of honor assumed in this dismal tragedy characters to which, even in the frenzy of the Reign of Terror, the vilest *poissardes* of Paris would scarcely have descended.* Never did the prospects of the Protestants seem darker than at this period, despite the appointment of L'Hôpital as chancellor, despite the interested anxiety of Catherine, despite the bold language of Coligny at the Assembly of the Notables at Fontainebleau, and the determination to convoke the States-General. An unsuccessful attempt by Condé to seize upon Lyons was followed by his apprehension and formal conviction, not for high treason, but for heresy. In vain his wife threw herself at the king's feet. The Guises were determined to be rid of their most formidable opponent, and to strike terror by beheading a prince of the blood. The day for the execution was already fixed, when the king was seized with illness. "God, who had pierced the eye of the father, now smote the ear of the son." "Gentlemen," said Coligny gravely, to the courtiers who thronged about him, "the king is dead; this should teach us how to live."

"Woe to the land whose king is a child" is a maxim whose truth is intensified by *zenana* training under such a sultana as Catherine de Médicis, and of this France was now about to have bitter experience. At court three great parties were contending for power in the king's name—the Guises, the Reformers, and the Politiques—and between these three Catherine vacillated; she could never decide, she would always temporize, and leave some loophole for retreat. For the moment she held the reins as regent for her son. The States-General, which had been summoned before the death of Francis, assembled at Orleans to inaugurate the reign of his successor, and was opened by a conciliatory speech from L'Hôpital, which advocated mutual religious tolerance. The orators of the *noblesse* and of the *tiers état* each in turn complained boldly of Church abuses, and demanded their reform; but Jean Quentin, the spokesman of the clergy, made it apparent that his order had learned nothing through the costly experience of the last two reigns. On the Church of the Borgias and the Carafas—in the hearing of men personally acquainted with Cardinals Bourbon and Lorraine and Duprat—he pronounced an eulogium which would have been ex-

travagant in the purity of apostolic days. He called on Charles to use the sword delivered him by God to extirpate heresy, and, with open allusion to Coligny, demanded that the supporters of heresy should *ipso facto* be treated as heretics themselves. For this outrage he was required to apologize, which he did with much dexterity; but his death, shortly afterwards, was hastened by mortification and chagrin. Coligny made so firm a stand for religious liberty as to elicit the glowing gratitude of Calvin. It was agreed that a conference should be held at Poissy between the leaders of the Reformed and Catholic parties, to see whether some basis of mutual agreement could not be established. The scheme was projected by the Cardinal of Lorraine, who hoped to display his theological ability, and to produce an irreparable breach between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, who were both invited to be present.

A sketch of court life at St. Germain during the colloquy of Poissy reads like an act from one of Molière's comedies. The queen-mother is the very good friend, the docile pupil of Coligny. She listens with unfeigned admiration to the fervid and copious eloquence of Theodore Beza. She is training her sons in the faith of the Reformers. Anjou, her favorite, openly urges his sister to change her creed; at one time he throws her "book of hours" into the fire; at another he obliges her to use the Huguenot Prayer-book and the Psalter of Marot. Charles IX. says when he is his own master he shall no longer go to mass, and inspires hopes that he may emulate Edward VI. of England. Although Catherine corrects Anjou's impetuosity, her maids of honor understand that "the religion" is to be the fashion of the hour, and comport themselves accordingly; they neglect mass, and eat meat openly on fast-days. The longing for reform suggests that some concession on the part of the holy father might recall the wanderers into the papal fold. They are very decent folk, Catherine urges; they have no Anabaptists, nor freethinkers, nor partisans of monstrous opinions amongst them. Could it not be arranged to do away with images from the churches, to leave out exorcism at baptism, to restore the chalice to the laity, and to have divine service in the vulgar tongue? What did it all mean? The Spanish ambassador was seriously alarmed, and wrote urgent letters to Philip. So were the Catholic clergy of Paris, whose pulpits rang with denunciations of

* Sir J. Stephen, *Lectures on the History of France*, ii., p. 97.

the modern Jezebel. So was not, perhaps, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, whose policy at that moment was to profess an ardent desire for Church reform, and who was loud in admiration of the Confession of Augsburg. That Catherine was really influenced by the truthful, straightforward character of Coligny, and that she made such specious professions as inspired some hope that she might follow his counsel, naturally disposed as he seems always to have been to trust another's plighted word, is likely enough. That she was determined to side with the stronger party, Huguenot or Leaguer, is absolutely certain. That she was touched by one spark of honest religious conviction is absolutely incredible. The "merchant's daughter," as the first Christian baron in France contemptuously called her, regarded sacred things as but one amongst the wares she held in stock to barter for place and power.

If a definite basis of compromise was not discovered at the colloquy, its results were mainly favorable to the Huguenots. The plot to sow discord between the Calvinists and Lutherans had been thwarted through the failure of the latter to arrive in time for the discussion. The dignity, the ability, the courage of Beza won golden opinions. "Here come the dogs of Geneva," exclaimed a cardinal on his entrance with his associates. "Certainly, faithful watch-dogs are needed in the Lord's sheepfold to bark at the wolves," was his quiet reply. It was no mean advantage that "the religion" should have a hearing before the court and the prelates of France, and that the chancellor of the kingdom should advocate its refutation by reason, and not by fire and sword. Public attention was pointedly directed to the issue, and the area of discussion was enlarged until it embraced every class of society and every department of the country.

All the wits of France were speedily enlisted in the controversy, and at its outset the keenest assailants were in favor of the new opinions. The crass ignorance of the monks; the rapacity, immorality, and brutality of the clergy; the contrast between the lofty claims and the personal characters of the Roman hierarchy; the popular mode of stating the standing miracle of the mass; the moral failings (only too notorious) of the Catholic leaders; the scandals admitted and lamented by the staunchest supporters of the papacy — all these afforded endless matter for brilliant ridicule and biting exposure. Epithet and epigram, satire and sarcasm, pamphlet

and pasquinade, flew swiftly from side to side, and no quarter was given in the war of barbed tongues, which smote with unerring precision and stinging force. Never was the recklessness of Celtic wit more conspicuous. At the peril of their lives, which were not even assured of safety in a foreign land, against the avenging dagger of a hired assassin or the illegal violation of alien territory, men penned and published pamphlets which it would have been death to avow or even to possess. How rare these productions speedily became is illustrated by the remark of a contemporary (Lestoile) that he was long unsuccessful in his efforts to procure a copy of the "Taxe des parties casuelles de la boutique du Pape," to replace one which (he says) "I burned at the St. Bartholomew, fearing that it might burn me." Of François Hotman's "Epistle to the Tiger of France" — a work conceived in the spirit, and hardly lacking in the force, of the Catiline orations — only a single example was known to exist amongst the treasures of M. Brunet's library, and even this would have been lost in the destruction of the Hôtel de Ville by the Commune, had not Mr. Charles Read chanced to have taken it away for reproduction under the auspices of the Société des Bibliophiles. The quiver of Junius or of Swift could not have furnished more pointed shafts than those which fastened on Montmorency the name of Constable Burnbench, or declared that the most effective wing of the royal army was the flying squadron of Catherine's maids of honor, or asserted that the courier who brought the pope's assent to the Tridentine Decrees conveyed the Holy Ghost in his saddle-bags. Then as ever, no rank was too high, no subject too sacred, for the sparkling banter of French *persiflage*.

It was on the head of the Cardinal of Lorraine that the fiercest and most pungent of these denunciations were poured. One writer affected compassionate anxiety about the ultimate residence of his Eminence: "No Christian country in Europe will have him; Italy sees through his duplicity; Germany abhors incest; France cannot away with him; even Turkey is Mohammedan, whereas the cardinal believes in nothing. Heaven is closed to him, Hell is afraid of him, and the Protestants are going to do away with purgatory. Poor wretch, where will you go?" But all other invectives paled before the scathing severity of Hotman's famous "Epistle to the Tiger of France." We have only space for a few sentences. "When I

assert that the failure of the finances of France is exclusively due to your dishonesty; when I assert that a husband is more modest with his wife than you with those next of kin to you; when I assert that you have seized the government of France, and have stolen this honor from the princes of the blood, that you may plant the crown of France in your own family—what can you reply? If you admit it, you ought to be gibbeted and strangled; if you deny it, I will prove you guilty. . . . You put to death those who conspire against you, but you are still living who have conspired against the crown of France, against the patrimony of the widow and the orphan, against the blood of the sorrowful and the innocent! You profess to speak of Holiness—you who know nothing of God but his name; who hold to Christianity only as a mask; who make common traffic, barter, and merchandise of bishoprics and benefices; you, who can see no sanctity that you do not soil, no chastity that you do not violate, no goodness that you do not mar!"

With the excesses of the civil war there came a turn in the tide of popular opinion. The artistic feeling of the educated classes was outraged by the wanton destruction of so much beauty. The pride of national and local esteem was wounded by the loss of much that had been the glory of France and of the provinces. Mutilated statuary and mangled tracery remained as a visible, standing indictment against the unreasoning bigotry and senseless fury of the uncultured pretenders to reform, whilst the countless victims, whose murder had helped to kindle their rage, were forgotten or buried out of sight in nameless graves. The irregular skirmishers with pen and pencil passed over to the Catholics. The sobriety of dress, the severity of demeanor, the stern morality, the scriptural quotations and psalm-singing, even the peculiar intonation of the Huguenots, furnished as inexhaustible amusement to their fellow-countrymen of the sixteenth century, as did the manners of the English Puritans at the Restoration. No doubt much of the ridicule heaped upon them was the broadest caricature. The ranks of the Huguenots included the flower of high birth, culture, and refinement—Condé and the Châtillons, Soubise and Larochehoucauld. But the satire burnt into the popular mind, and it needed the glitter and the gallantry, the bluntness and the *bonhomie*, as well as the martial skill of the Béarnais, to wrest popularity from the Leaguers.

Whatever the effect of Huguenot iconoclasm, the blame of it cannot justly be charged to its leaders. Calvin sternly reprobated it, and urged obedience and order. Coligny abhorred all excess, and nowhere was religious tolerance so impartially enforced as on his estates. Condé was sensible of the injury it occasioned to the cause. But the movement was irrepressible. A tempest of destructive fury burst out and carried all before it. The pent-up rage of generations broke loose, which the leaders strove to no purpose to restrain. At Orleans, Condé pointed his musket at a young man who was hacking down a statue and threatened to fire if he did not desist. "Stop but one moment," was the reply, "until I have finished this idol, and then do with me what you will."

We have, however, outrun the actual course of events, and must return for a moment to Coligny at the close of the colloquy of Poissy. The position he took up was not that of religious liberty in the modern acceptance of the term. He recognized the right of the State to regulate the belief of its subjects. But he urged: "We are Christians. We accept the Apostles' and the Nicene creeds; the law cannot punish us." So much L'Hôpital and the Politiques were prepared to allow. So much was accorded by the famous edict of January, 1562. It required the restoration of all churches to the Catholics. It forbade the public performance of Reformed services within the walls of cities. But it recognized under certain conditions the exercise of Huguenot worship and the legality of a Huguenot ministry. These concessions, meagre in themselves and surrounded with many embarrassing conditions, were loyally accepted by Coligny. They elicited a howl of furious reprobation from the Catholics, which found sterner expression two months later at Vassy.

The massacre of Vassy aroused universal indignation amongst the Huguenots. From every quarter of France the Protestant noblesse hastened towards Paris, under a spontaneous and general conviction that the hour was come when they must seek for faith and freedom. That no thought of rebellion against royal authority influenced them was not only distinctly affirmed by Coligny, whose frank assurances to this effect are supported by Lanoue, but it is amply established by the recently published letters of Catherine de Médicis, in which she begged Condé to save "the mother, the children, and the kingdom from ruin."

With wonted, if pardonable, duplicity, and with even more than her wonted dexterity, she penned billet after billet in ambiguous terms, which the messenger who bore them would explain, but which might be (and were) interpreted in a contrary sense if they fell under the eyes of the Catholics. The position was critical in the extreme for Catherine and her son, as well as for the Huguenot leaders. For the former, it was doubtful which side would show most audacity and promptitude in seizing the king's person. As regarded the latter, the prohibition to celebrate the Lord's Supper at Popincourt, just issued by Cardinal Bourbon as governor of Paris, in open and official violation of the edict of January, showed that it was hopeless to look for any regard for Protestant rights, unless they could be enforced by the direct intervention of royal authority. The population of Paris was hostile, and the city swarmed with Guise's men-at-arms, so that Lanoue affirmed that the Reformed could no more withstand "them than a fly could resist an elephant. They would have been held in check by the novices of the convents and the chamber-maids of the priests, armed only with their broomsticks." On Sunday, March 22nd, Condé retired from Paris to Meaux, and on the following Friday the triumphs marched to Fontainebleau and carried off Henry and Catherine. Henceforth the action of the Spanish party was sheltered and sanctioned by the sign-manual of the king.

It is useless to reopen the much-debated question, whether the Huguenots should have abstained from civil war. Coligny's own action was perfectly sincere and frank. He avowed to Catherine that he would not be the dupe of the Guises, but he entered with the deepest reluctance upon a struggle, whose consequences he foreshadowed with singular clearness. No delusion about the inequality of the conditions, or the probable results to his country and co-religionists, led him to embark in the conflict with a light heart. The famous conversation, in which Agrippa d'Aubigné has detailed the arguments employed on either side by the admiral and his noble-hearted wife, conveys too minute indication of prophecy inspired after the event to bear all the severity of modern criticism; yet it probably represents, with added dramatic power, the record of an actual occurrence. In the dead of the night — so runs the narrative — the admiral was awakened by the sobs of his wife, and on inquiry into

the cause of her distress, she replied that she was overwhelmed with sorrow at the thought of the sufferings which their brethren in the faith had to endure. "They are bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Do not your arguments against defending them savor rather of worldly than of heavenly wisdom? You confess that at times you have misgivings — these are the voices of God. The sword of knighthood which you wear — is it to oppress the afflicted, or to deliver them from the tyrant's claws? The blood of so many of our people lies heavy on my heart." Her husband replied by setting forth the perils to which war might expose them. "Ponder well," he urged, "whether you are prepared to face beggary, shame, death on the scaffold, — all these not for yourself only, but what is far harder, for your children. I give you three weeks to test yourself, and when you shall be consciously fortified against such calamities, I will go to meet death with you and your friends." "The three weeks are passed," was her instant reply.

The mournful forebodings of Coligny were more than justified by the events which followed during the next eight years. Atrocities which the pen refuses to narrate disgraced the conduct of the civil wars, and the depths of infamy might almost appear to be sounded when brave men like Montluc were so lost to all sense of shame as to bear witness against themselves, and to boast in their memoirs of the enormities they had committed. Cruelty and perfidy went hand in hand, and begat reprisals; and the impartial historian is compelled to admit that both sides were indelibly dishonored. Such excesses, which he was powerless to restrain, were odious to Coligny; but the conduct and the incidents of the war brought into strong relief all the nobler elements of his character. Never was he grander than in the hour of defeat. His coolness was indomitable. He had the fixed tenacity of purpose, and that thorough confidence in the justice of his cause, which upheld him in the darkest seasons of disaster. He never knew that he was beaten. After the reverses of Dreux and St. Denis, of Jarnac and Montcontour, after the fall of Orleans and of Rouen, after the death of Condé and of D'Andelot, he rallied his broken forces with unflagging energy, animated them with his own undiminished vitality, and presented the same calm front as ever. His enemies recognized that he was the life and soul of the Huguenot cause. "If the admiral were gone," they

said, "we would not offer you for peace so much as a cup of water." His personal friends well understood the source from whence his confidence was derived. A single extract — and many such might be given — will serve to illustrate the strength and reality of his religion. It is dated October 16th, 1569, and was written from a sick-bed to his children shortly after the battle of Montcontour: when a reward of fifty thousand crowns was offered for his head; when his house was burnt and his estates plundered; when many friends had deserted him, and his troops were in open mutiny.

I want you always to have piety and the fear of God before your eyes. Your own experience must have already taught you that we must not rely upon what are called good things, but must place our hopes elsewhere than on earth, and seek for something better than what our eyes can see and our hands can handle. And since this is not always in our power to do, we must humbly beseech God that it may please Him to guide us to the end by a good and sure road which we must not hope will always be easy and pleasant, nor accompanied by all manner of worldly prosperity. We must follow Jesus Christ, our Captain, who has gone before us. (Delaborde, iii., p. 167.)

We have no space for the details of the struggle. Its peculiarly hopeless character arose from the fact that the Huguenots were not strong enough to obtain the mastery, but were too strong to submit to the only terms which their opponents would concede. On the one side were men who were fighting, not only for tolerance, but for existence. On the other, every proposal for peace was marred either by the treachery concealed in its conditions, or by predetermined intention to disregard them. Throughout the wearisome discussions which preceded and followed the outbreak of hostilities, Coligny was always ready to sacrifice any personal advantage to the interests of his sovereign and his Church. He voluntarily resigned his government of Picardy. He retired from court to smooth the path of Catherine. He acquiesced, for the sake of peace and at the request of his associates, in the peace of Amboise, although he considered that it was unsatisfactory and misleading. Not one act of treachery or baseness, not one of personal ambition or selfishness, was brought home to him. It was a day when treachery played a leading part in the councils of statesmen, and now that we are permitted to gaze into their secret cabinets, and read

their inmost thoughts, not one cruel or unworthy design is revealed of the great Huguenot leader who had to maintain the unequal contest against such opponents as Philip, and Catherine, and Charles of Lorraine. Inflexible in his administration of justice where others were concerned, his magnanimity was frequently displayed in pardoning the most serious crimes against himself. No wonder that Hugh Fitzwilliam, the English envoy, wrote to Queen Elizabeth, "The admiral is the rarest nobleman in Europe."

It is in the light of these facts that we must estimate the accusation brought against him, that he was privy to the assassination of the Duke of Guise by Poltrot. The odious charge, like so many calumnies, first wrung out by torture and then retracted, would hardly be worth notice, but for the characteristic mode in which Coligny dealt with it. His first and most urgent request was that Poltrot's life should be spared, until he could meet him face to face, and sift the matter to the bottom. When this justice was denied him, he disdained to support his denial of all complicity in so foul an act by any concealment of his own opinion about Guise. "I considered him a dangerous man, and his removal a blessing to the country," was his frank avowal. The like soldierly outspoken candor was exhibited in his "Account of the Siege of St. Quentin."

Some persons [he says] may perhaps suppose that it is written by way of justification of my conduct; but before they enter on its perusal, I beg them to put that notion aside for two main reasons. First, because there is no occasion for him to justify himself whom no one accuses, and I am so clear in all that touches my honor that I have no fear of being so. Secondly, because if I should be accused by any, I am conscious that my heart is in the right place to enable me to defend it as becomes a gentleman, a man of honor and position, so that I can reply to every man according to his rank without having recourse to quill-driving or drawing up a process like a lawyer. (Delaborde, i., pp. 316, 7.)

Allowing for the feelings and habits of that day, the dignity of conscious rectitude could hardly be more strikingly displayed.

The year 1562 witnessed a second attempt by Coligny to establish a French colony. This time Florida was selected as the home, and Jean Ribaut, a trustworthy Huguenot, as captain of the expedition. It is amusing to find a contemporary English writer informing his readers that the history of this effort has never

before, as he believes, been told in English, seeing that the complete record of Ribaut's and of Laudonnière's voyages is to be found in Hakluyt's well-known collection. The chronicle runs, strangely enough, in parallel columns with the adventures of Villegagnon and Léry. There is the same exuberant joy on first landing, the same neglect of needed tillage, the same expectation of fabulous wealth, the same terrible sufferings on the homeward voyage. Indeed, some future professor of the higher criticism will probably see in this improved repetition of the earlier story abundant reason for rejecting both. At first everything was *couleur de rose*. "As we passed through the woods we saw nothing but turkey-cocks flying in the forest; partridges, gray and red, little different from ours, but chiefly in bigness; fish so plentiful and large, that two draughts of the net were sufficient to feed the whole company of our two ships for two days; simples growing of so rare properties that it is an excellent thing to behold them." Visions of golden store "in the mountains of Apalaty" excited the imagination and increased the mortification of the colonists in having, through fear of starvation, to leave so rich a land. We have no space to record the kindness shown the sufferers by Sir John Hawkins, and gratefully acknowledged by Laudonnière. The report of the land was so encouraging that a second and stronger expedition sailed in 1564; but Spanish jealousy was aroused, and Menendez, with twenty-six hundred men, swooped down upon the defenceless settlement. A fearful tragedy ensued. Every avowed Protestant, to the number of six hundred souls, in defiance of the most solemn engagement, was stabbed, man by man.

There is no more romantic page in the fascinating history of maritime discovery than that which records how this atrocious slaughter was avenged. A certain Dominique de Gourgues, a soldier of fortune, equally at home on sea or land, had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, and basely sent to the galleys. Half naked and half starved, chained to the oar, he yet managed to escape. No wonder that he was filled with undying hatred to his captors. He belonged to that class of adventurers, at once both gentleman and corsair, who united in strange combination utter recklessness of character with some of the nobler elements of heroism, and he vowed that the wholesale destruction of his fellow-countrymen should not go unpunished. At the cost of his entire fortune and with

such other help as he could obtain, De Gourgues equipped three vessels, manned them with the stoutest sea-dogs of Brittany and Normandy, and sailed for the western continent. His destination was kept secret until Florida was reached, when he explained his project. It was facing fearful odds. He had but one hundred and eighty men all told; the Spaniards probably exceeded tenfold that number. We have no space to recount how, with the Spanish standard flying at his mast-head, he passed under the guns of the fort; how by stratagem and ambuscade he drew the enemy from their entrenchments, and destroyed them piecemeal; how rumor magnified his little troop into a force two thousand strong, and panic spread and threw the Spanish lines into confusion. Not a man escaped save sixty, whom De Gourgues had taken alive to make his revenge more complete, and these he hung up man by man, whilst the awestruck natives looked on in wonder. This done he dismantled and destroyed the fort, and sailed away leaving a large placard before the lifeless bodies, with this inscription: "I have done this, not to Spaniards, but to traitors, robbers, and murderers."

The tale of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew has been too often told to need repetition here. How long the atrocity had been premeditated and prearranged, and what was the exact degree of Charles IX.'s complicity with its earlier stages, are questions which have been debated with great fulness of detail by historians, who have arrived at opposite conclusions. That such "counsels of perfection" as the wholesale slaughter of heretics were tendered by Philip and entertained without scruple by Catherine is amply established; but all probability disfavors the theory that Charles IX. was long beforehand privy to the projected murder. His nature was too liable to be carried away by sudden outbursts of uncontrollable passion for him to be the safe depository of so dangerous a secret. Unquestionably a touch of madness defiled the Valois blood. To exercise his great muscular strength in forging and welding armor, when his health was utterly unequal to such exertion, or to display it by cutting down his subjects' cattle or beasts of burden on the highway; to emulate the skill of a pork-butcher, in the slaughter and dissection of swine, with utter indifference to the filthy odor that steamed from their reeking entrails; to burst into the bed-chambers of his intimate friends, male and

female, among the courtiers, that he might inflict corporal punishment upon them with his own royal hand,—these were amongst the select pastimes of this successor to the sceptre of St. Louis. It would seem that he suffered from one of those obscure diseases of the brain, whose nature is of such intense interest to modern pathologists, and that its resultant temperament was one which Coligny had magnetic power to soothe, and Catherine to inflame to the highest point of irritation. At one moment the admiral was his father, whose advice he would cordially follow as heir to the policy of Francis I. At another, goaded by his mother's suspicions and invective, he would fiercely turn upon her with the cry that she was hurrying him to destruction. At last, exasperated beyond endurance by her reproaches, with frightful blasphemies, he bade her work her will, and abandoned himself with all the frenzy of despair to further her diabolical design.

Five days before the fatal eve of St. Bartholomew, Coligny wrote the following letter, the last which has been preserved, to his wife, whom he had left at Châtillon:—

MY DARLING, —I write this bit of a letter to tell you that to-day the marriage of the King's sister and the King of Navarre took place . . . After the festivities the King has promised me that he will devote a few days to attending to a number of complaints touching the infraction of the Edict. It is but reasonable that I should employ myself in this matter as far as I am able, for although I have infinite desire to see you, yet I should feel great regret, and I believe that you would also, were I to fail to occupy myself in such an affair with all my ability. This will not cause such delay but that the Court will leave this city next week. If I had in view only my own satisfaction, I should take much greater pleasure in going to see you than in living in this Court, for many reasons which I shall tell you. But we must have more regard for the public than for our own private interests. . . . Meantime I pray our Lord to keep you, my darling, in His holy guard and protection. *Mandez-moy comme se porte le petit ou la petite.* [His wife was daily expecting her confinement.]

Your very good husband and friend,
CHATILLON.

With the death of Coligny there passed away the Bayard of the Reformation. It is with no wish to indulge in indiscriminate eulogy that we close this brief notice, but it is difficult, painting the man amidst the dark shadows that hung over his times, in any way so to group the truthful colors that they do not of themselves form a halo

round that honored head. He was in and of his time, essentially a soldier, but in advance of it and above it. He anticipated by a century the Swedish discipline and the policy which founded the United States. He established a college at Châtillon-sur-Loing, and held views on education which were not unworthy of the nineteenth century. He advocated a policy which, if steadfastly pursued, would have saved his country years of suffering, and would have secured her such freedom as became the happier lot of England. Nor was it only that he was enlightened enough to discern wherein the true happiness of France would consist, he would pursue noble ends only by noble means. In the collision of violent passions he always stands out calm and dignified, because his Christianity moulded his public as well as his private life. The character of Coligny was essentially the product and the property of his creed. It is the immortal glory of French Protestantism that in the days of Alva and Granvelle, of Catherine de Médicis and the Valois and Philip II., when diplomacy was honeycombed with treachery and undermined by fraud, she should have developed such a hero, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," as Gaspard de Coligny.

From Belgravia.

NAT.

CHAPTER VII. THE LAKE.

As they emerged from the comparatively sheltered channel and entered the lake the scene was one of wildest desolation. The wind had veered to the south-west, and the sun was setting in a sky of lurid flame color; a dull grey light lay on the lake stretching away to the north; no other boat was visible; no sign of vegetation appeared on the arid eastern shore, and the mountains on the north-western horizon rose in gloomy shadows against the sky; the waves at once began to dash roughly against the boat and to send their spray over Elizabeth.

Nat pulled with vigorous strokes and sent the boat rapidly through the water.

Elizabeth hardly noticed him until they had got about two and a half miles into the lake. Then she exclaimed: "Wativer med ye row so fa'ar and so fast, Nat? Ye've turned a ghastly color. We must turn the boat an' go home at onct."

"I b'lieves I *am* tired," he said. "I'll let her dhrift a while afore th' wind; thin we can turn an' ye can take an oar goin' home."

"Ye'r th' best rower I ever seen," exclaimed Elizabeth.

"I'm well used to it. I thought nothin' iv a tin moile row at home, whativer's an me now 'tall, 'tall. I used to swhim th' broad lake regular."

Presently he leaned his right arm upon his knee, his face upon his hand, and quite unconsciously became completely absorbed, for the second time in his life, in his steady and even impassioned contemplation of poor Elizabeth. But only once she allowed herself to meet his eyes, from which just now a lost and wandering soul seemed gazing into chaos.

Elizabeth, with her usual acuteness of penetration, read his thoughts aright, and even her coolness and self-possession were taxed to the utmost. Accustomed as she was, and as we all are, to seeing in human faces the calm reflection of their every-day surroundings, this young man's face, ordinarily so tame, transfigured now by a passion so strong, so fresh, so pure, even though she allowed herself only one glance, caused her cheeks to flush and her heart to beat so loudly, she feared its labored throbs were audible even to his ears.

At first his gentleness and blank despair had merely appealed to her rather contemptuous pity; but for the last day or two he had certainly developed into an interesting problem. She thought it hard that capricious Fate should have knotted his hitherto quiet and uneventful life into such a terrible tangle, that he had practically nothing better to look forward to than becoming the unwilling husband of Eliza Jane Scarlet, for whose peculiar characteristics she had no toleration.

Elizabeth felt compelled at length to lift her eyes, and with a sudden blush she said: "Oh, Nat! d'ye see it's got dark all in a minute? Th' grey light fell *clear* an the wather, an' thin all iv a suddint it got dark. Let us turn at onct."

She moved forward and took an oar, and in a few minutes the boat was shooting forward through the gloom and deepening shadows.

About a mile to the right of the mouth of the channel by which they had entered the lake, there was a little wind-swept island, at all times a mere speck, when viewed from any distance, on the surface of the water.

Some twenty yards from this island

there was a rock with sharp jagged edges just appearing over the water. Just now it was right ahead of the boat in which Nat and Elizabeth were rowing. They failed to observe it, being more or less absorbed in their own thoughts, and finally ran the boat violently against it; this, however, would have been of no serious consequence, as the boat rebounded off the rock, and would have immediately righted herself, but that Elizabeth's oar fell from her hands, while she fell backwards, and, in trying to recover her balance, leaned to the wrong side; at the same moment a wave struck the boat sideways, and she half filled, Elizabeth going overboard head foremost.

For half a second, perhaps, Nat was confused by the suddenness of the accident, but as he saw Elizabeth sink, he jumped clear of the boat, which did not sink, but floated on water-logged before the wind.

He saw Elizabeth rise, her red cap still on her head, and her hands clutching the air. He shouted, "Stidy, Elizabeth," and contrived to catch the collar of her dress in a firm grasp — happily it was lined with strongest "blay" calico, capable of supporting for a time even a greater weight than Elizabeth's.

In that supreme moment her great presence of mind and unusual strength of character asserted themselves. In half a second her wavering senses became completely steadied, and she rapidly weighed every possible chance of escape except one, which, in the confusion of the moment, escaped her recollection. She saw that all depended upon Nat's strength and courage; and, rubbing the water from her eyes, she looked at him; his face was close to hers, and she saw that it was altered almost beyond recognition, so steady and strong it was with shining eyes and set lips.

"Nat," she said quietly, "tell me what to do."

"Can ye shwim at all?" he asked.

"Only an *odd* sthroke, but I can float *aisy*."

He looked about him. Apparently they were a mile from the nearest land, and the lake was certainly rough, with strong, chopping waves running before the wind, which was still freshening.

"Ketch me lightly roun' th' neck," he said, "wid ye'r roight arm; keep ye'r clothes clear iv me legs, an' strouke out now an' agin wid ye'r left arm. Now!"

He caught the collar of her dress with his left hand and swam with his right arm and with his legs.

Elizabeth's practice in keeping afloat in fresh water enabled her to fulfil his directions.

Nat, however, found, to his surprise, that, practised swimmer as he was, he was likely to become exhausted much faster than he had imagined possible. Indeed, since his uncle's death he had become daily more conscious of a certain loss of physical strength for which he did not care to account, by admitting, even to himself, the anguish of his mental conflict.

He swam very slowly and tried to save his strength as much as possible, though every second he felt weaker; each wave seemed a mountainous weight crushing against his chest, and every laboring breath was agony.

He had swum for some eighteen yards, and had just begun to despair of keeping up much longer, when he caught sight of a dark object a little to his right, and heard the rustle of wind through sedge.

"Elizabeth," he gasped, "there's an island close to us."

He swam with renewed energy, and soon had struggled on to the island with Elizabeth.

It was now about nine P.M., and the evening, for the fifth of August, was unusually dark. Coarse sedge and rushes grew about the margin of the island, and its centre was a mere heap of stones piled one over the other, from which sprang a blasted and solitary blackthorn bush. It was bent in one direction by the winter storms and its twisted branches grew awry, and, already, its leaves were sere and brown. The wind sighed through it as if it had been a ghostly Æolian harp, and filled Elizabeth with a sudden superstitious terror. The lake seemed a subtle enemy, strong, cruel, relentless; with a shudder she pressed her hands over her eyes.

"How far from the mouth iv th' river are we, Elizabeth?" Nat asked quietly.

"About a moile," she shuddered.

"How soon can we git off?"

"Not till four o'clock-to-morra mornin'," she said, in tears, "whin th' pookauns comes up th' river fur th' illicit whiskey, but moryah to fish."

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE ISLAND.

ELIZABETH had never shed such tears as these — never been so agitated and full of fear. The cold was so intense, her teeth chattered violently. Her clothes felt frozen and an intolerable weight. As she

wrung the water from her hair she sobbed, though not because her hair was wet; for she was in the habit of bathing in the river every morning at seven, from May to October, and of allowing her hair to dry in the sun and wind; and she seldom wore a hat.

She soon went over to the blackthorn bush, and made a hollow in the heap of stones from which it sprang, and sat down, slightly sheltered from the wind by the mound of stones and the blackthorn.

Nat followed her example and hollowed out a seat close to hers. He took no notice of her tears, which she hastily dried, but leaned his elbows on his knees and his face upon his hands. He was not only cold but ill and exhausted; and yet alone in this gloomy scene with Elizabeth, enduring extreme physical discomfort and even suffering, on a barren, wind-swept island, without shelter, he felt as if he were in Paradise, and forgot even the haunting stare of Eliza Jane's eyes. For two hours, time which really passed with marvellous rapidity, he maintained his usual habit of silence.

At length Elizabeth said with some anxiety, —

"I'm afeered ye'r ill, Nat. I'm afeered ye'r very ill."

He sighed. At last, after a long pause, he said slowly, "I b'lieves I am ill; but what matter? A man may have worse things to go through nor illness, and that's th' thruth."

"A man can be his own masther," said Elizabeth coldly.

"Faix, I dunno," said Nat, "sarcumstances is too much agin him sometimes."

"Character makes sarcumstances more or liss," she mused.

"Elizabeth," he continued passionately, "ye'r reproaches is only just. As I sot here iv'rything in loife was med *clear* to me. I seen *where* I done wrong. I did me duty *whin* I found out what me uncle had up an' been, an' gone, an' done, in *coming* to Glingal to see cud I fulfil his last wishes; a promise *is* a promise, an' I was promised to Eliza Jane Sca'arlet, an' through *no* faut iv me own. Money *is* money, an' I didn't loike losing me fortune be refusin' to marry her. But whin onct I seen her, I shud have up, *there* an' *thin*, loike a man, an' *bouldly* refused to marry her; but, faix, I hadn't th' courage, and that's th' thruth; an' I wint on dally-in' wid timptation. Well, matthers wint frum bad to worse wid me, an' I got a grader an' grader *distaste* iv her, an' now I have me chice iv trating her loike a black-

guard or goin' to th' althar wid a loi in me mouth."

After some time he said, —

"Iv th' *two evils, be Heaven*, I'll choose th' *laste*. Iv I give her up, it won't break her ha'art, for she don't carry sich a *commodity* about her. She's fur all th' worl'd loike a cuttle-fish. Besides, she'll hev eleven hundred pounds *compinsation*! I wudn't betther her condection be marryin' her, cause, whoy, she'll niver be any better *now* whativer *wuss*, an' that' *Gawd's thruth*."

"Ye'r roight not to go to th' althar wid a loi in ye'r mouth," said Elizabeth rather faintly. "But it's hard, very hard, to lose ye'r fortun' an' have a big farm left on ye'r hands widdout any capital to work it, an' that's sure enough."

"An' d'ye think as it's *that* 'ull break me ha'art?" he asked almost violently. "'Tis liss to me nor thim withered laves upon this blasted, twisted blackthorn — *compared* wid *other* troubles."

"Faix," said Elizabeth coldly, "'tain't be *magic* ye'd expect me to know *what* ye'r trouble is."

It did not even occur to him to hope that Elizabeth felt any interest in him. Every look and word of hers had fixed themselves indelibly in his memory, and he had not forgotten her contemptuous amusement at his mistake as to her identity the day he first saw her.

It was not yet midnight and they had still some hours of cold and hardship to look forward to before getting off the island.

After some time Elizabeth said: "I b'lieves ye'll lave Glingal to-morra, Nat, fur good?"

"I dunno whether it'll be fur *good*, but I'll lave it *anyway*," he answered with considerable bitterness.

"In a short time, Nat, ye'll black furgit ye ivir seen it."

"Furgit I ivir seen it," he repeated almost violently. "How dar ye say th' loike, Elizabeth, an' timpt a desperate man? By Gawd, I'd die afore I'd ax ye to marry me anyway, though I'm a'most *mad* fur luve iv ye. Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth, I luve ye madly. Ye'r beautiful, so proud, so straight, so strong; ye'er loike a fresh breeze upon a mountain; ye'r vice is loike music an a battle-field."

He caught her hand and pressed it, and for a moment so intolerable was her agitation, the island seemed to vibrate to each loud pulsation of her heart. Years of intimate knowledge of Nat in the ordinary routine of daily life could not have won

her interest as the events of to-night had done; first, those seconds when she had sunk into what seemed to her a bottomless abyss of suffocating water and risen to feel Nat's strong grasp, to see his face close to hers; then the swim for life through the gathering darkness, battling against the strength of wind and waves, succeeded by the hours of thought alone with his pure and gentle presence on the island.

She felt unable to speak. Her thoughts were too deep for words, and Nat almost flung her hand away. He was evidently ashamed of his sudden burst of passion, for he said no more.

At length the dawn came. The sky was sullen, threatening rain, the light at first pale and shadowy, then glaring and strong, revealing the narrow circumference of their place of refuge; to the north the wide expanse of gloomy water, the ghostly eastern shore opposite the island, and a lurid suggestion of sunrise behind the driving clouds.

It revealed Elizabeth still looking fresh, because it would be almost impossible for any cause save that of illness to make her look otherwise, and Nat with dark rings about his eyes, with blue lips and ashen face.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN.

SHORTLY before five o'clock the pookauns — small fishing-boats with one triangular sail, remarkable for their speed — came up the lake, and passed within easy hail of the island. Nat made the necessary arrangements with the owner of one of these boats, and he and Elizabeth were accordingly taken on board and brought to the farm.

They met Mrs. Scarlet and Garret Owen on their way to the river. They had intended to start with a search party in a few minutes. "Musha," said Mrs. Scarlet, "an' whativer become iv yis at all? Yis were wracked, I s'ppose, an' throwed up an a desert island loike th' whale iv Scriptur' out iv Jonah's stomich. It was always a puzzle to *me* how th' whale iver fitted there at all. I s'ppose 't was wan iv th' mericles, the gratest iv all, *I'd* say."

"Ye'r *profane* widout knowin' it, aunt," said Elizabeth stiffly. "Howiver, we *were* wracked, an' we *did* spind th' noight an a island. We had to stay an it till th' pookauns come up th' lake this mornin'."

"Th' Lord save us an' purtict us," said Mrs. Scarlet. "What an escape *dear*

Eliza Jane had; not but what *had* she been wid ye she'd have done what they calls propriety. She was always *proper*."

"Oh, hush, aunt," said Elizabeth impatiently. "Look at Nat. I'm afraid he's *vury* ill."

Mrs. Scarlet looked.

"Bedad," she said coarsely in much surprise, "he might aisy be compared to Jonah in th' Scriptur's afther he *lost* th' whale! He's as green as th' proverbial leek."

They entered the farmhouse by the back door, and Nat stood for a few minutes by the kitchen fire.

As Elizabeth looked at him with some anxiety, Mrs. Scarlet screamed, for he staggered and fell.

Elizabeth knelt by him and lifted his head on her arm and opened the collar of his shirt. His face was blue and terribly convulsed, and for a minute he seemed to struggle fiercely with Elizabeth.

Mrs. Scarlet wrung her hands and screamed, Margaret Hamlin followed her example.

At that moment Eliza Jane was asleep. She had been up all night and had only retired to rest a short time before. She was awakened by her mother's screams and now hastily entered the kitchen. She wore a ghostly white dressing-gown with three capes, each bordered with a deep frill, and her bare feet were thrust into sandals of calf-skin.

She became very pale as she saw Nat's still convulsed features. However, he soon became quiet, and lay apparently unconscious.

"He may be carried to bed now," said Elizabeth quietly. "Call in th' men, Maggotamlin."

Presently two laborers came in and helped Elizabeth, who still supported Nat's head, to carry him to bed.

"Take off his wet clothes, men," she said, "an' be as quick as ye can about it."

She ran back to the kitchen and ordered Garret Owen to go for a doctor. Then she went to her room and changed her clothes, Mrs. Scarlet meanwhile describing the late scene in the kitchen to an increasing audience.

When the doctor came he did not appear to take a serious view of Nat's case, though he said the fit was probably not altogether the result of physical exhaustion; there had probably been disturbing mental influences at work for some time; however, with rest and care there would probably never be any recurrence of the fit in the case of so young and naturally

vigorous a man as Nathaniel Scarlet. But mental repose would be quite as necessary as physical for some time, until he had quite recovered from the effects of his immersion in the lake, his over-exertion, and his exposure on the island.

"There's no trouble on his mind?" he asked.

"None in loife, doctor," said Mrs. Scarlet. "Sure he's to be marrid to Eliza Jane on th' tinth iv this month, an' as I tould him, he's th' happy an' fortunat' man to git her."

"He saved this young woman's life?" said the doctor, looking at Elizabeth.

"Yis," said Mrs. Scarlet; "but what is that? 'Twas his bounden duty."

"Well, good-morning, Mrs. Scarlet," said the doctor. "I trust our brave patient will be up to the mark by the *tenth*. With *this* young woman's excellent nursing I don't think there is any chance of further trouble."

"Good-mornin', doctor," Mrs. Scarlet said, "an' thanks fur yer good wishes. Dear Eliza Jane being the *mark*, I think, as they say at th' races, he'll be up to toime."

CHAPTER X.

AN EXPLANATION.

ELIZABETH left her patient fast asleep, and joined her aunt and cousin at tea. During the meal her thoughts were much exercised in arranging the details of a certain explanation upon which she had decided that day as she sat by Nat's bed. It was, however, an explanation from which her pride and her modesty alike shrank, but it was also one which, had moral courage alone been wanting, she could have made even in the presence of Mrs. Crashman. She was a young woman who could scarcely breathe in an atmosphere of deceit, and she therefore thought it her duty to describe as fully as possible to her aunt and cousin a certain moral problem which had presented itself to her own mind, and which she had solved with her usual intuitive perception of right and wrong, of true and false, of just and unjust; and which, having solved, she must proceed to act upon in her own generous way. She would not hesitate about those minor details which a less sincere woman would not hesitate to carry out by ignoble manœuvring and by — treachery.

When the tea was over, she hesitated and flushed. At length she said, "Aunt, I must spake to ye an' to Eliza Jane at onct in th' red parlor."

Curiosity was, perhaps, after maternal pride, Mrs. Scarlet's greatest weakness. She said, "Come, Eliza Jane, an' listen quiet an' aisy to whatever Elizabeth has to say. Maybe it will prove iv interest to ye. Maybe it's about Nat Sca'arlet."

She led the way followed by her daughter, who wore an air that seemed to imply there was very little in a world so limp and out of joint worth listening to. However, she sat down presently on the sofa in the red parlor beside her mother, and prepared to hear whatever Elizabeth might have to say.

Elizabeth drew forward a high-backed oak chair and seated herself opposite. Mrs. Scarlet and Eliza Jane sat with their backs to the light; Elizabeth sat facing it. Her rippling dark hair was less neat than usual, but her short upper lip was quite as proud, her blue eyes quite as blue, as ordinary. However, more than once during the interview their natural brilliancy was dimmed by tears; however, she spoke throughout in cold and rather distinct tones, and tried to convey her meaning in as few words as possible.

"Eliza Jane," she began, "I want ye to spake throe to me as I'll spake thruth to ye. Yis, for onct in ye'r loife, ye'll hear th' thruth."

"What does that mane?" asked Mrs. Scarlet. "A hit at me, maybe, fur givin' in too much to ye, Eliza Jane."

"D'ye believe there's sich a ryalty in loife as love, Eliza Jane?" Elizabeth continued.

"Faix! I dunno what I b'lieves 'bout sich a passil iv nonsince, or—what ye're drivin' at, Elizabeth."

"Gawd knows," said Mrs. Scarlet; "wan would think to see her sittin' up there in judgement an' dear Eliza Jane, that she was jedge, jury, an' prosecutin' counsel, all in wan. Howsumiver, we may as well hear all she have to say. Gawd grant the noight an' th' island haven't fairly turned her brain; but wan thing is med clear to me, that she's tuk up a cru'l attitude agin Eliza."

"Eliza Jane," said Elizabeth, perhaps with unnecessary sternness, "d'ye luve Nathaniel Sca'arlet? Iv he had been drowned last noight would ye're head have felt any hotter or ye'r back have ached a little more?"

"She's as mad," apostrophized Mrs. Scarlet, "as the proverbial hatter!" She stared at Elizabeth, and wrung her hands. "She manes to imply that a ha'art was left out iv Eliza's 'natomy!" No one noticed her remarks, however.

"Do I luve Nat Sca'arlet?" drawled Eliza Jane. "Faix, an' I do no sich a thing! an' I'll loike to know whoy I shud, or what business 'tis iv ye's, Elizabeth? Thank Gawd, I've been brought up respectable, an' I'd be long sorry to think iv th' loike until afther I'm marrid, iv thin."

"I luve him," Elizabeth said quietly, but as she spoke even her lips became pale.

This announcement for a time paralyzed Mrs. Scarlet and her daughter. The latter looked frightened, for the same very natural thought had occurred to her as well as to her mother.

Mrs. Scarlet stared wildly at Elizabeth, then said: "Yis; 'tis as I thought; th' noight an the island have dhrove her mad. I misdoubt me but she must be tuk in a stretwiskit to th' asylum."

Eliza Jane burst into tears and rose hastily to leave the room. She had a great fear of people afflicted with insanity. She really feared that Elizabeth might try to bite her. The latter, indeed, caught her arm with some impatience, and compelled her, without being, in the excitement of the moment, in the slightest degree aware of the amount of strength she exercised, to sit down again on the sofa. She then slipped her strong right arm, in which the well-developed muscles would do credit to an athlete, round Eliza Jane's waist, and sat down beside her, Mrs. Scarlet immediately moving to the chair she had just vacated, for the purpose of observing the progress of the interview.

"Sit on th' chair, Elizabeth," implored poor Eliza Jane. "Fur Gawd's sake sit agin on th' chair, an' I'll listen patient. I always hurd tell 'twas well to humor mad people; an' 'deed, an' 'deed, I'm afreed iv me *vury* loife iv ye, dear Elizabeth."

"I'd offer to git off th' chair," said Mrs. Scarlet, "but since I had a good look at Elizabeth, it thruck me as maybe there's method in her madness."

"He was too proud to ax me, but I'm not too proud to ax him to marry me, whin ye and dear Eliza Jane see how 'tis wid him. Sure I know ye'd be too proud to take a man agin his will," said Elizabeth.

Mrs. Scarlet seemed lost in shocked amazement. Her voice sank until it became almost inaudible. She murmured: "Me own niece, musha, musha, me own niece, th' daughter iv poor John Judge, long since dead an' gone! A gurl brought

up so self-respectin', that tuk sich proud an' over-mastherful airs, up an' bowldly says *she's* not too proud to ax a young man, another gurl's promised husban', to marry her. Ay, grade Gawd!"

"It's not the loss iv a husban' I feel," said Eliza Jane in tears, "fur I niver coveted th' loike! I don't care a rush for Nat Sca'arlet — 'deed, fur the matther iv that, I'm *fairly* sick iv his name; I'd loike a man as 'ud be rougher loike an' have more backbone in him — or fur any other man; what I feel is th' tr'umph iv th' Crashmins!"

Mrs. Scarlet groaned.

Elizabeth rose, flung her arms about her, and kissed her. "Dear aunt," she said passionately, "ye've the kindest ha'art in th' world iv ye'll only let it spake. Ye knows what I want. Nat loses all his money be givin' up Eliza Jane. I want to marry him an' the tinth, an' to go home wid him, an' to take care iv him, an' to give him me fortun'. Foive hunderd pouns is a betther fortune nor he'll ever git now. Not that th' woman lives as he'd marry, jist barring meself."

"Ye thinks maybe he'll git more fits?" asked Mrs. Scarlet.

"Widout grade care he moight," said Elizabeth.

"I wouldn't covet th' nursin' iv him," said Eliza Jane.

Mrs. Scarlet mused.

As Elizabeth had said, she had a kind heart and a just and even generous nature, when not blinded by bigotry or prejudice. She was passionate, coarse, and ignorant, but when her quarrels with Mrs. Crashman were over, her heart often ached at the bitter things she had been led into saying. In this she was a contrast to Mrs. Crashman, who was vindictive and revengeful, and, therefore, much more of a woman of the world. Now, as Mrs. Scarlet mused, a new train of thought occurred to her, for in spite of her general incapacity, she was not dull. She had more or less perception, and Elizabeth had invariably ruled her in all the practical affairs of life. She knew by long experience that Elizabeth always had her own way; she admired her truthfulness and steadfast courage; she knew that she was eminently fitted to be the wife of any man she might happen to choose, but especially fitted to become Nathaniel Scarlet's wife. He loved her and she loved him, and he had saved her life. Of course, at first she had been terribly shocked and surprised at Elizabeth's confession, but when she once fully realized all that it

meant, she became accustomed to what her knowledge of Elizabeth's determined character led her to regard as the *inevitable*. She saw that her indolent invalid daughter was the last woman in the world likely to suit a determined misogynist such as Nathaniel Scarlet.

Mrs. Scarlet, however, would not have changed her mind so quickly had she not been in the habit of jumping to conclusions rather than reasoning out matters.

After a long silence she said: "Elizabeth, I see 't all. No one is to be blamed — only sarcumstances. I account for th' whole affair this away. Ye were Nat's *fate* an' *not* dear Eliza Jane, an' *fate* done a shabby turn an' med a rigular cat'spaw iv dear Eliza; fur ould Nat's makin' a match atween him an' her was th' instrument in what I b'lieves is called th' hand iv destiny to bring yis together."

Elizabeth sighed: "'Tis hard on dear Eliza Jane."

"Thank Gawd," continued Mrs. Scarlet piously, "she don't care a rap fur Nat, an' she ain't equal to the cares iv married loife. Th' wind is tempered to the *shorn* lamb, an' iv iver a dear crature behaved loike a lamb, Eliza Jane has *this* day that sees her *shore* iv a *husban'*, as I may say, *regularly fleeced*."

"Fur th' matther iv that," observed Eliza Jane, "as I said afore, I only cares about what the Crashmins 'll say."

"Lave th' Crashmins to me," said her mother firmly. "I'll g' over there jist now, an' ax 'em to th' weddin' an' put as bowld a face as I can an' th' matther. Anastasia Crashmin won't have much iv a tr'umph over me I'll take care, prater, talker, meddler, maker, story-carrier, invinter, an' malicious busy-body as she is."

"Elizabeth," said Eliza Jane, "tell Nat that I bears no malice an' wishes him an' ye well. I'm sorry, moreover, that he loses his money be his uncle's will."

"I'll pay *ye'r* fortune out iv it any way," said Mrs. Scarlet. "I'd have been obliged to sell sthock an' craps to realize, as they calls it, foive huner pouns, Elizabeth."

CHAPTER XI.

THE END.

NAT slept until four o'clock the following morning. He awoke in anything but a happy frame of mind. His peaceful past had assumed in his memory all the unsubstantiality of a half-forgotten dream,

while the present and the future were filled with a chaotic succession of images of pain. Nat's ardent imagination had plenty of food in picturing every phase of a future whose only interest lay in an intolerable regret, which could alone be borne by the aid of that greatest panacea for all earthly ills — *hard work*, and by a brave determination to endure the ills of the present by looking forward to an eternal future. We have said that Nat was no ordinary young man. He was a Christian of a very different type from poor Mrs. Scarlet. Far down in the depths of his inner consciousness he was influenced by a certain divine image of stainless and perfect purity — an image which the lifeless services and senseless discourses, which had been his only religious teaching, had never dimmed or dulled for him; as they do dim and dull that sacred example for so many others.

With regard to Elizabeth, the fever of his thoughts made rest impossible, and the physical strength which had been renewed by rest and sleep had the effect of enabling him to think more clearly.

At six o'clock he sprang out of bed and dressed hastily. He went down to take a last walk by the river. He did not waver for a moment in his determination to leave Glengal by a midday train.

There had been heavy rain the previous evening and during the early part of the night. Then the wind had changed again to south, and this morning the sky was cloudless. The air was indescribably pure and invigorating; the river seemed to dance in the sunlight; and the beeches, already changing color, showed tints amidst their darker green of palest gold, while the distant mountains rose in bold relief, dark blue against an azure sky.

Nat felt too weak to walk far, and indeed he was by no means in harmony with the brightness of the morning. In a little while he threw himself on the wet grass with his face on his hands, for the moment overwhelmed by a sudden wave of anguish more acute than any he had yet experienced — the first realization of his parting with the beautiful Elizabeth, to him irresistibly beautiful in her calm strength — for weakness, however amiable, he had little toleration.

He had lain for some time on the grass when he heard a firm step approaching. He looked up and saw Elizabeth with a towel on her arm on her way to bathe. He sprang to his feet pale even to his lips, and miserably conscious that his lips were

quivering and that he had distinct traces of unmanly tears upon his eyelids. He despised himself and he felt enraged with Elizabeth for always appearing at the wrong moment. Why was she so cold, heartless, and unsympathetic, like an image of stone set on a pedestal above the ordinary weaknesses of humanity? Why had she gone to meet him that first day at the station, and allowed him to make the miserable fool of himself he had by mistaking her for Eliza Jane Scarlet? Why had she run the boat on the rock and then nearly sacrificed both their lives by forgetting the whereabouts of the island? Why had she dared to despise him for his unfortunate engagement to Eliza Jane, and to make herself so extremely busy in forwarding all the preparations for the marriage?

"Wasn't ye foolish, Nat, to come out so airy?" asked Elizabeth.

"*That's* my affair," he answered coldly.

He looked keenly at Elizabeth and observed with considerable rage that her usual severity of expression had softened into an almost maternal air of tenderness and pity.

His eyes literally seemed to blaze. "I s'ppose," he said defiantly, "ye pities me gradely! I wants none iv ye'r pity, I can tell ye; ye've no cause to despise *me*, Elizabeth, whin all's said and done. Good-mornin' t'ye, an' I hope ye'll enjy ye'r dip; feeling fur other people's troubles won't spoil ye'r pleasure anyway."

He turned away.

The fierceness of this unexpected attack disconcerted Elizabeth; then her spirit rose against its injustice; and then again she was conquered by the traces of suffering, even intolerable suffering, in Nat's face. She could hardly conceive a more troublesome lover, or one more difficult to manage; if he continued to indulge in such rage he would probably get another fit.

She ran after him and said: "Nat, iv *pain* hadn't altogether blinded ye ye'd have guessed what I'm goin' to tell ye long ago."

He stopped, and made her task all the harder by saying incredulously, "An' what may that be, pray?" He spoke with scorn, though why he should despise Elizabeth for not having fallen in love with him it would really be difficult to say, except that the most reasonable man is rendered unreasonable by having his vanity wounded.

Elizabeth hesitated and flushed, then turned pale.

"I cud pray fur death," said Nat furiously, "whin I think as th' man lives ye'll wan day marry."

Elizabeth became paler than ever. "Fur th' matter iv *that*," she said, "iv I don't marry ye I'll never marry."

"Marry me!"

"Yis, marry ye."

"Ye're wishful to mock me, I b'lieves. 'Tain't well done, Elizabeth."

"I don't feel much like mockin' anyway," she said.

"Ye have a large fortun' an' I have nothin' but th' interest iv th' farm," he observed very coldly.

"Ye furgit ye've saved me loife, Nat, an' that ye has a right to all I has."

"Oh, that's what ye're thinkin' of, is it?"

Elizabeth was in despair.

Nat turned away.

"Nat," she said in her decisive way, "after all I'm fonder of ye nor ye are of me. I'm not too proud an' overbearin' to tell ye what ye'r too proud to ax. I—I love ye."

Nat and Elizabeth's home is a comfortable farmhouse of two stories with a southern aspect. It stands in a sheltered valley by the borders of a small lake between two wooded hills. From these hills one sees a chain of about twenty small lakes stretching away to the south-east. The waters of the lakes are often brown, sometimes almost black. The land is rich and the country is only slightly undulating. The roads are bordered by deep ditches and luxurious hedges, that in spring are full of delicate ferns, bright mosses, violets, and primroses, and many of the fields are separated by fine old trees. The air is at all seasons as soft and relaxing as that of Glengal is bracing and invigorating, and the gentle lake and woodland scenery is tame as that of Glengal is varied, desolate, and wild.

And Nat and Elizabeth are happy, even supremely happy; and Elizabeth's love which had so suddenly revealed itself, and which had so subtle an element of pitying tenderness, has developed after marriage into a deeper and more restless passion, whose strength she takes no trouble to conceal from its object. Yet still in troubled dreams Nat mutters of Mrs. Scarlet and Mrs. Crashman, of Eliza Jane and Gloxana, and starts and trembles in his sleep and aloud implores for silence.

DENIS DESMOND.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE GLORIFIED SPINSTER.

THE student of social phenomena who considers that the modification of human beings by their environment follows the same general laws, and is, at least, as interesting and important as the evolution of inferior organisms by the same method, and who, believing that observation is the true parent of knowledge in both spheres, has furthermore kept his ears and eyes open, will not have failed to notice the appearance of a new variety of the class *Homo* within the last two decades.

This variety, as commonly happens among naturalists when similar discoveries are made, has given rise to a dispute concerning its claim to the dignity of being deemed a new species; and philosophers have answered this question in accordance with the natural bent of their several minds. Those who lay stress on external characteristics deny the claim; on the other hand, those who adhere to more modern methods and are inclined to doubt the necessary identity of the essential with the external, are disposed to make an addition to those divisions of mankind which have been hitherto recognized.

It may be granted that the careless observer will not at once be able to distinguish the individuals who form the subject of this paper from the class spinster from which they have been evolved. If he content himself with noting only the "morphology" of the specimen under notice, he will behold nothing but a plainly dressed woman, clad in an ulster and unmistakably home-made hat or bonnet; but if he note her self-reliant bearing, her air of having some definite business to perform in a definite time, her general aspect of being ready to meet all emergencies, he will begin to see he has here something differing considerably from the ordinary female. Other characteristic marks are her agility in gaining the tops of omnibuses, her power of entering a tram-car without stopping the horses, her cool self-possession in a crowd, her utter indifference to weather, and, it must be added, an undoubted disposition to exact her rights to the uttermost farthing. If he should chance to overhear her conversation with a boon companion he would be still more enlightened, and perhaps dismayed. For the sisterhood hold strong opinions which, however, they are very cautious not to promulgate to the vulgar. Dependent for subsistence on the patronage of middle-class Philistines they are too wise to shock

their prejudices needlessly, but atone for this reticence in public by the boldness of their private speculations. Some are theoretically socialists who would limit the population by forcible means; others are thorough-going democrats who would hail a revolution as the quickest and best solution of existing difficulties; others, dames of the Primrose League. Varied as are their nostrums, they agree in ardently desiring the public good, and would make considerable sacrifices to attain that object. Their courage in following out the premises they severally accept is striking. It is not uncommon to hear them discuss such propositions as the lawfulness of suicide, the advantages of a State-regulated infanticide, the possibility of compelling incurable invalids or useless individuals to undergo euthanasia after a certain time, or the merits of a general redistribution of property.

One of them explained this trait by saying that while other people were hampered by the necessity of making their theories coincide with personal or family interests, they themselves, having given no hostages to fortune, were exempt from the temptation to shirk facts and conclusions which logically lead to the reorganization of the social structure. The speaker added that, since they have at present little power for good or evil, they indulge in such academic discussions rather as an intellectual pleasure than with any strong wish to see such measures actually tried, and that personally they were always remarkably law-abiding and orderly citizens. Like meteors, they wander free in inter-familial space, obeying laws and conventions of their own, and entering other systems only as strange and rare visitants. Widely read and often highly cultured, their circumstances prevent them from associating with the learned classes, who in England are always wealthy, while their tastes and habits forbid their finding enjoyment in ordinary middle-class female society.

By careful investigation we find that the main forces which have brought about the evolution of this variety of *Femina* have been, in the first place, the present contraction of means among the professional classes without their standard of comfort being correspondingly lowered, which has driven the sisters and daughters to seek remunerative employment; the same cause has operated powerfully in checking the marriage rate, and thus leaving more women unprovided for. Secondly, the democratic spirit of the age, which is unfavorable to satisfied acqui-

escence in a position of dependence and subjection. Thirdly, the general spread of education, which has enabled many women to find happiness in intellectual pleasures and to care comparatively little about social environment.

As concerns the all-important question of money, it may be stated that the glorified spinster is invariably poor, her income varying from eighty to one hundred pounds. If it approach the latter sum she is quite sure to disburse a considerable amount yearly for the benefit of her relatives; for, in spite of the apparent selfishness of her mode of life, she readily acknowledges the claims of family, and, if the truth must be told, her male connections show themselves very willing to shift the burden of providing for the ineffective members of the family to her willing shoulders.

But in spite of the smallness of her resources, she manages to see every good piece at the theatres, to attend a dozen good concerts during the season, to visit the chief picture exhibitions, and in addition to experience something of foreign travel. She shows herself a financial genius in extracting the greatest possible amount of pleasure out of every shilling. She patronizes the galleries of the Albert and St. James's Halls, and the pits at the playhouses, where, be it confessed, she is sometimes unreasonable enough to resent being subjected to the scrimmage which ensues at such places. A man with her income would be wretched, but as she spends no money on beer, tobacco, or bets, she manages to exist in tolerable comfort.

She economizes, too, in her lodgings. A visit to the den of one of the sisterhood reveals a small room, twelve feet by fourteen, in a quiet street in Kensington, for which its occupant pays six shillings a week. In one corner stands a small wooden bed covered with gay chintz, an idea evidently adopted from Newnham College; before the window is a large tin trunk, the battered sides and numerous labels of which attest it has been a wanderer in its time; this also has a chintz cover, not over clean, be it noted. Next comes a cheap imitation of an old-fashioned bureau which is meant to conceal the necessities of the toilet; but, alas! the spring is broken, and the Irish expedient of inserting a small wedge of paper has been, perforce, adopted. Over the mantelpiece are well-filled bookshelves, in which may be noted Mill's "Logic," two volumes of Mr. Browning's poems, one of

Walt Whitman's, Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Study of Sociology," and several French and German novels. The spinster is an omnivorous reader, and would sooner forego her breakfast than her newspaper. A small cupboard fills the recess which contains her wardrobe — "two frocks and a rag," as the proprietress observes. But in the bottom of a common painted chest of drawers, carefully enfolded in sheets of tissue paper, reposes her one "dress," usually a handsome garment of satin or velvet, which is so ingeniously contrived as to be capable of serving for an evening robe, by the removal of certain portions of the bodice. In this she appears when she revisits the upper air, at her brother's, the doctor's, dinners, or her married sister's Christmas parties; it likewise forms her Sunday gown when she runs down to the old rectory home for a short holiday. The other drawers are a confused mass of reels, pens, handkerchiefs, linen, papers — tidiness in small matters being the first virtue to disappear in a Bohemian life. A hammock chair, one of the common bedroom pattern, and a small table, complete the furniture. On the walls are a few good photographs and prints, her own property, but the room is otherwise without any attempt at ornament. My friend explains that, as one must not expect much dusting for six shillings a week, the fewer nicknacks one has, the better. A person very fastidious as to cleanliness would have to pay at least double rent, which would mean an entire renunciation of all amusements and pleasure. She herself prefers roughing it a little, and by keeping a couple of private dusters avoids being absolutely choked, and her daily bath keeps her in health. This is an all-important matter. Illness is the unpardonable sin among the sisterhood; it is looked upon as a sign of culpable weakness, and as disqualifying the sufferer for aught but matrimony. "A little extra sickness then does not matter," they declare.

They obtain the wherewithal to keep up their modest establishments by acting as teachers, nurses, accountants, clerks, librarians, heads of certain business departments, and so forth. Their great grievance is that their pay is always much lower than what would be given to men for the same work; but they recognize that at present their only chance of employment is to undersell the other sex in the labor market.

My own acquaintance was kind enough to describe her working-day. She said:

"I rise at half past seven and have breakfast, which I eat standing, brought to me on a tray, and then walk a mile and a half to my business. I choose to live at this distance because I consider the daily walk essential for health, and again, as an unappreciative public only bestows a poor eighty pounds a year on me, I must economize, and so prefer not being exposed to the chance visits of casual acquaintances. One does not mind receiving *friends*, of course, and many an absorbing conversation do we hold concerning all things in heaven and earth, while toasting our toes at the shabby little bedroom grate; but these friends are of old standing, and not to be influenced by one's surroundings. We have several times tried to form clubs, which would be an inestimable boon; but as long as most of us are practical teetotalers, and consider that a shilling a day must provide for food, clubs, I fear, will always prove financial failures.

"To go on with my day: I begin work at nine o'clock and leave off at half past six. We have half an hour's interval at one o'clock, when the richer ones among us pay ninepence for a substantial meal; we indigent creatures get a small plate of meat with potatoes and cabbage for sixpence. On my way home in the evening, I usually stop at a workman's café, and buy, for tea, two ounces of capital collared head, brawn, pressed tongue, or salt beef for a couple of pence; sometimes I indulge in eggs or fish. As soon as I reach my lodgings, I divest myself of my frock, and don either the 'rag' before mentioned or my dressing-gown, prop myself up with pillows on my bed, which thus serves for a couch, have tea brought to my side on a small table, and prepare to enjoy both it and my papers. This is my principal meal, and is often prolonged for over an hour, most of my light reading being done at this time. Towards half past eight I have to rouse myself and resume work, if I wish to keep Saturday pretty free; but on one or two evenings of the week this is not necessary, and so I have an opportunity of occasionally attending a concert or lecture. You ask if I never crave for companionship in my leisure hours. Candidly I do not. After all, we are as yet but a small class, and congenial spirits are rather hard to meet with, as they are scattered all over London. You must not for one moment imagine that anything like half of the women at present earning their own living belong to our denomination. All those must be eliminated who are looking forward to marriage as

their ultimate destiny, those who are living with their own relations, and again, all who are properly classified as old maids, that is to say, women who feel themselves cruelly deprived of their natural sphere of work and happiness, and, becoming soured, lack strength and spontaneity to make a full and satisfactory life for themselves. An old maid is a woman *minus* something; the glorified spinster is a woman *plus* something, as was lately well remarked in a public print. This being so, we do not care for ordinary female society, and one of our grievances is that custom in this country prevents us from mixing freely with men on whose moral and intellectual level we more nearly are. We should be ticketed Not in the marriage market, and then be allowed perfect freedom in choosing our friends. This would be of mutual advantage. We are rather inclined to believe our *dicta* infallible in matters of art, literature, and politics, and outside criticism would do us good, and check our private tendency to self-assurance; while, on the other hand, we should act as a most salutary and much-needed stimulus to the ordinary British Philistine. Some of us, of course, have succeeded in making and keeping male friends, but custom and social prejudice are against it."

It was delicately hinted to my informant that, were her suggestion carried out, certain difficulties might arise, and the spinster fall from her high estate to become a mere household drudge and a suckler of infants. This she declared utterly improbable, and proceeded to give her reasons. Without entirely endorsing Mrs. Poyser's biting remark that "a man likes to make sure of one fool as 'ull think he's wise," she thought there was a certain truth in it. A man marries to enjoy the pleasures of protecting and caring for some one less able than himself, and rightly feels that in so doing he is developing the best side of his nature. His instinct teaches him to crave in his spouse those qualities of gentleness and softness in which he is himself deficient, and most men have no other conception of unselfishness than in providing for their own house. He would soon discover that the spinster is not the complementary nature he needs, though he may acknowledge her to be "a good fellow," and be fond of meeting her socially, unless perchance his vanity is hurt by finding a woman as well educated and as intelligent as himself. Secondly, the spinster has tasted the sweets of liberty and independence, and would be very

loth to relinquish them; in perfect good faith she considers marriage as a last resort for those who lack sufficient strength of mind or body to maintain their footing in the world alone. Again, she is still sufficient of a woman to require something of a hero in a husband, and her critical faculty is usually so abnormally developed that the power of idealizing human beings has gone from her, and consequently falling in love is almost impossible. But she is no misanthropist, and prides herself on her capacity for lasting friendships and her affection for animals and children.

So far we have dwelt on the side of her lot which most strikes an observer who has been accustomed to consider women as necessarily connected with family life, and incapable by nature of finding happiness alone. Our spinster has good health, good spirits, few worries, few restraints, and a keen appetite for amusement, which she has special facilities for gratifying. But being human, she has of course her share in the common lot of trouble and sorrow. Old age is her nightmare. Her small income makes it impossible to lay up any provision, and her value in the labor market rapidly declines after the age of thirty-five or forty. Some of her sisters talk openly of seeking a euthanasia when their powers of self-support fail; others regard the Peabody buildings as a possible refuge; the greater part refuse to look forward at all. The present at least belongs to them, and they feel that to make the most of the present is the only true wisdom when the future holds out no pleasing prospects.

In the next place, although her training and education have more or less approximated to that of her brothers, still the spinster cannot rid herself of the nervous frame and general sensitiveness bequeathed to her by her mother, which often causes her to feel monotonous daily toil a greater burden than she can readily bear. She lacks the hereditary aptitude for prolonged steady exertion which men have acquired through centuries of training, and so becomes exhausted by a day's work in a way which is absolutely unknown to them. Then she has not yet learnt a man's sublime indifference to the petty whims, tempers and "nastinesses" of "the governor," meaning her own special "powers that be." If not in danger of being dismissed, most young men care next to nothing for hard words and unreasonable fault-finding, but to her they are real torture. It may seem a strange asser-

tion, but her most crying need is in some way to counterbalance this thin-skinnedness.

Thirdly, as a rule, she has strong religious or humanitarian feelings, and in proportion as these incline towards Christianity, she is conscious of a conviction, which often amounts to downright suffering, that her mode of life is essentially selfish, and therefore stands condemned. Nevertheless, she finds no way of escape. She has been formed and located by circumstances beyond her control, and is hardly responsible for either her special virtues or vices; but she more than suspects that she is in danger of serious moral deterioration, and that the want of a field wherein to exercise them threatens some of her noblest powers with extinction.

Take her for all in all, the glorified spinster is a most curious product of our civilization. Uniting some of the characteristics of both sexes, she differs from each in essential points. She is, above all, an eager recipient of new ideas, and has little respect for the failings of past generations. This is the peculiarity which most distinguishes her from men. To her, it is inconceivable how these allow universally acknowledged evils, which they confess must be ultimately removed, to go on year after year in apparent indifference to the inevitable crop of misery and crime. She instances the present system of dealing with pauper children, the prolonged abuses of the London vestries, the misappropriation of endowments, and the land laws. She declares, and supports by historical illustration, that it takes the male mind at least a generation before it can act on a newly established premise — not on account of any doubt as to its truth, but from an instinctive conservative desire to defer the day of change as long as possible; perhaps also from an intellectual difficulty in following out a new line of thought. Her own instinct drives her to make action follow close on conviction. Undoubtedly she is often too hasty in selecting her remedies, and would frequently do more harm than good; this necessarily follows from her want of practical experience and from an incapacity to recognize the difficulties of change in a highly organized society; but, right or wrong, she at least tries to combat the evil she perceives.

In spite of her training, moral and intellectual, she has naturally a strong feminine side, and the chief question about her is, whether this will be finally forced

under the surface by the severe struggle of life in these days of competition.

It was pointed out in a very able article in one of the quarterly reviews last spring that the special virtues as well as the special vices of women had been produced by their race-history. The circumstances of her life have done much to deliver our spinster from some of the latter — want of courage and straightforwardness, narrowness, vacillation, stupidity; it will be a grievous loss to both the community and herself if the former also are allowed to disappear. As the reviewer remarked, the peculiar womanly virtues — power of self-sacrifice, warm sympathies, compassion, patient endurance — represent an untold amount of suffering on the part of the weaker sex in past ages. It is to the world's interest that the fruit of such suffering be not lost. Into the characteristic vices of old maids our glorified spinster will not fall. Her contentment, on the whole, with her lot, her unfeigned thankfulness in escaping some of the trials incident to married life, her marvellous faculty of extracting happiness in apparently most unpropitious circumstances, the prolongation of youthful looks and sensations until middle age, will preserve her from the "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" supposed to belong of right to a woman in the unmarried state; but she may become self-absorbed, self-centred, incapable of high enthusiasms, unless some way is found of giving her a recognized place in the social and political scheme. That State is most prosperous which avails itself of the proper capacities of each class of its citizens and employs them for the general good; and the class treated of in this paper — destined in the near future to become numerically very large — has certain very special powers and capacities. They can neither fill the place nor do the work of *Hausvater* or *Hausmutter*; they can neither accumulate capital nor greatly add to the wealth of the country; but the philanthropist and the statesman should find among them potent and ready instruments for the battle against ignorance, vice, and crime. They who possess by inheritance woman's passionate pity for suffering and power of self-abnegation, while hard necessity has, perforce, taught them something of self-control, coolness of judgment, and the adaptation of means to ends, should be the knight-errants of forlorn hopes, the unfailing champions of the miserable, the sworn foes of all abuses. They should find their happiness in ex-

pending for the public advantage those powers for good which in other women find their natural and right use in the family circle; and he who can discover a method to bring up these recruits to the aid of those who are already desperately struggling with the evils which threaten to overwhelm our civilization will perhaps do as much for the commonwealth as the inventor of a new torpedo, or the originator of a new party-cry.

From The Spectator.

"THE GLORIFIED SPINSTER."

THERE is a paper on "The Glorified Spinster" in *Macmillan's Magazine* which gives a striking picture of the new class of young women who do not regard marriage even among the probabilities, but so lay out their lives as to be altogether as independent of external help, as if they were young men of the same education and abilities. The writer paints them as hard-working, cheerful, extracting a good deal of pleasure from cheap social amusements, quite indifferent to home society, extremely frugal, more completely emancipated than the other sex from old prejudices, and also as at least supposing themselves much more ready than men to act on revolutionary ideas when once they have, as they think, convinced themselves of their truth. The difference between them and "old maids" is said to be that the old maid is a woman *minus* something, — namely, we suppose, a husband, — whereas the glorified spinster is a woman *plus* something, — namely, we suppose, self-dependence, — the one wanting to lean without having any legitimate support to lean upon; the other not wanting to lean at all. Nevertheless, we should ourselves never have thought of describing her as a woman *plus* something, especially if the writer's probably rather exaggerated description of her as quite willing to discuss the advantages of State-regulated infanticide, or any equally hideous mode of dealing with the evils of society, be a true description. Grant the truth of that description, and we should regard her as a woman *minus* more than any *plus* could make up for; and so far from thinking her to be in any sense a spinster glorified, we should treat her as decidedly a spinster mutilated. We suspect, however, that the class of women delineated, — those who maintain themselves without even looking forward to

marriage as their natural lot, — are by no means so "emancipated" from all feminine prepossessions as are the few married women who pose as freethinkers, and who really depend a good deal on acquiscent husbands for encouragement in propounding their startling social opinions. The self-dependent women who earn their own livelihood, and who have taught themselves to live happily in comparative solitude, are necessarily keen, prompt, and decisive; but, like most men who are keen, prompt, and decisive, they have learnt a good deal of intellectual caution from their habits of action, and do not give themselves up to violent speculation with half the *abandon* with which women who really lean for all practical purposes on others, are prepared to give themselves up to such speculation if they find that by doing so they gain the applause of those on whom they lean. The "glorified spinster" is not half as audacious as the pretty married woman who is sure of masculine sympathy in her flights.

But the interest of this striking sketch consists for us less in the mere picture of the able, cheerful, self-dependent, laborious creature who can earn £80 a year and live upon it, and get a good deal of cheap enjoyment out of it, than in the problem how it happens that women can rid themselves more easily (as they certainly do) of the habit of dependence on others, and of the characteristics of timidity, want of straightforwardness, and the rest, which come of that habit of leaning, than they can rid themselves of "the power of self-sacrifice, warm sympathies, compassion, patient endurance," which are the more active elements of the same sort of mental inheritance. The writer in *Macmillan* puts it thus: "The peculiar womanly virtues — power of self-sacrifice, warm sympathies, compassion, patient endurance — represent an untold amount of suffering on the part of the weaker sex in past ages. It is to the world's interest that the fruit of such suffering be not lost; and he evidently thinks that it will be much harder for women to strip themselves of the unselfishness which he regards as the transmitted consequence of ages of suffering, than it certainly has been to strip themselves of the timidity, the insincerities, the hesitation, narrowness, stupidity, which also resulted from their habits of dependence on men who had needlessly inflicted a great deal of that suffering. We hope and believe that he is quite right. But why should it be so much

easier to get rid of the evil qualities inherited from their mothers and grandmothers and great-grandmothers, than it is to get rid of the good? Or is the assumption a mistake? Is it, in fact, as easy for women who take up the self-dependent life to rid themselves of the higher feminine instincts, as it is to rid themselves of the habits of dependence out of which those instincts are supposed to have grown? Is it true that our business spinsters continue to "possess by inheritance woman's passionate pity for suffering and power of self-abnegation, while hard necessity has perforce taught them something of self-control, coolness of judgment, and the adaptation of means to ends"? One would have supposed that if it be the inheritance of suffering which their weakness has brought upon them, to which their unselfishness and compassion are due, the very same causes which were strong enough to eliminate one set of consequences of that weakness and suffering, would have eliminated the others also. If the complaisance which makes the weaker sex desirous to accommodate itself to the stronger, and the consequent want of straightforwardness disappear on the cessation of the sufferings of subjection, why should the greater tenderness, the softer sympathy, which are attributed to them as the effect of those sufferings, remain? If the indecision, the irresolution, the incapacity for prompt action disappear, why should the sympathy which causes that indecision and irresolution, which diverts the mind from acting strongly on its own sober judgment, remain? If a long inheritance of "subjection," as J. S. Mill called it, produced the habit of self-sacrifice on the one hand, and the habit of pusillanimity and of looking to others for the directing hand on the other, why should it have been so much easier to extinguish the latter habit by a new education, than it has proved to extinguish the former? Or was it really equally easy to extinguish both? And have the women who have gained masculine courage, self-dependence, and coolness of judgment, lost at the same time that tenderness of sympathy and sweetness of endurance which were the compensations of their weakness?

We think not, and are indeed very sceptical as to almost all the deeper assumptions of the essayist. We question most of all his belief that the unselfishness of women is due to the long inheritance of suffering which their weakness entailed upon them. For, in point of fact,

the power of feeling with others is much more easily crushed out by tyrannical oppression, than by any other cause. Look at the men who have been made slaves and ill-used, and see how frequently their power of unselfish feeling for others has been crushed out of them by that process. Why should not women, who are supposed to have suffered still more than men from the same cause, because they are weaker, have had their power of sympathy even more crushed out of them than men, instead of having been made more unselfish, as the writer supposes, by that very curious receipt for making human nature unselfish? It is much more true that it is woman's natural gift for feeling with others, *i.e.*, their natural unselfishness, which has made them suffer where men would not have suffered, or would not have suffered nearly so much, than that it is their inheritance of suffering which has made them unselfish. There is no tendency at all in suffering to make either men or women unselfish, though it is unselfishness which makes suffering enlarge the nature instead of contracting it. Submit an unselfish person, whether man or woman, to a long course of suffering, and no doubt the result will be a great elevation and spiritualization of character; but submit a selfish person, whether man or woman, to the same discipline, and unless there is enough conscience to overcome the selfishness, the suffering will degrade and deaden instead of elevating and purifying. We do not believe that men are more necessary to women than women are to men. They are mutually dependent, though in very different ways, and it is not harder for women to become independent of men (except so far as their power of earning money is less) than it is for men to become independent of women. The natural differences between men and women have certainly never been produced by the mere relative strength of the one and the relative weakness of the other. The mental differences have been at least as original as the relative difference in strength. And the greatest of these differences is, we should say, that women's nature inclines and enables them to enter into the feelings of others, whether men or women, more easily than men; while men's nature inclines and enables them to take up active work for others more easily than women. It is an unsexed woman who cannot feel more truly for either man or woman than the average man; it is an unsexed man who does not feel the impulse to act for those

who need it, whether men or women, more imperiously than the average woman. The former have the greater gift for passive sympathy, the latter the greater gift for active help. But it is certainly true that the gift for sympathy will constantly lead the stronger women into active help, and that the gift for active help will often lead the more sensitive men into a very deep and discriminating power of sympathy.

As for "the glorified spinster," we decline to think her glorified at all. She is simply a woman who lives a more or less unnatural life of self-dependence, — the degree of the unnaturalness depending on the degree of her self-dependence and the completeness of the disappearance of that religious devoutness which prevents loneliness from degenerating into self-dependence, — just as a glorified bachelor, if there be such a being, is simply a man who lives a more or less unnatural life of anxiety for himself, instead of for others on behalf of whom his nature craves to act. There is no glorification in any kind of mutilation, and it is as much a mutilation of the feminine nature to live the self-dependent life without the power of constantly entering into the feelings and wants of others, as it is a mutilation of the masculine nature to live a life of self-dependence in which there is no large element of constant responsibility for the external necessities of fellow-creatures.

From The Fortnightly Review.
MILITARY GENIUS.

BY LORD WOLSELEY.

ALL great genius is as individual to its possessor as are good looks or a cheerful countenance. Education and opportunity may develop, but they cannot create it. The grain of wheat may lie in the Egyptian coffin for a thousand years, neglected and apparently useless; but the germ of life within it is always in a condition to give forth leaves and fruit when required. There can be no doubt that men with all the genius of a Homer, a Shakespeare, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, may have lived and died in obscurity, but I believe they have been few in number. It is not every race of human beings that can produce the highest type of genius. A certain condition of life, I might almost say of civilization, or at least of settled government, seems to be, as it were, the soil necessary for the germination of supreme genius.

A great poet, it is true, may possess little book-learning, but his knowledge of human nature must be extensive, and he must have sounded all the depths of passion. His mind and very being should so harmonize with nature, that he and it should be compounded, as it were, of the same essence. Even then it is very doubtful whether any truly great poem could be produced in the language of a people without a history. Wars and conquests seem to be essential to the development of those soul-absorbing and transcendent passions from which the poet borrows his enthusiasm. Be that as it may, it is, I think, tolerably certain that before any nation or collection of kindred tribes can produce a great leader of men — a Moses, a Hannibal, or a Mahomed — there must be in that people not only a warlike instinct, some principle of self-assertion and self-confidence, but also that order of intellectual ability and that natural power of reasoning which distinguish the civilized man of all ages from the thoughtless negro of equatorial Africa. The race that produces an Attila or a Zenghis Khan may have no great and recognized national yearnings, but the mind of the people must be so far prepared, although perhaps unconsciously, for the reception of the seed of some high ambition, that as soon as it is sown by the master husbandman, it takes root and bears a hundredfold.

No species of study can be more deeply interesting than the early history of the great leaders of men, whose doings have changed the face of the world and altered the fortunes of numerous races of human beings. What was it that fired those leaders with the craving for conquest? What was it within them, the possession of what attributes both mental and bodily was it, that gave them, or obtained for them, that power of leadership which they exercised, often unquestioned by even the proudest and greatest of their followers? To what extent did they make the circumstances they guided, or were they themselves made by them? Were the conquests of Attila merely the natural outcome of his people's warlike genius? or was it he who prompted or created their ambition? Have individuals rough-hewn the world's history, or were its heroes, those who were apparently its great leaders in all the most remarkable events, merely the creatures of circumstance, who simply led others along the furrows that had been gouged out and ridged up over the earth's surface by natural laws of which they had no clear

conception, and by sudden influences which they only felt without realizing, and which certainly they could not understand? If your imagination enables you to do so, eliminate from all known history the lives of those who have done most to upset the settled order of human institutions, whose actions have been the elements of greatest importance in impeding the progress of man; do the same as regards those who are commonly looked upon as the saviours of their nations, and what monuments will remain to guide the student of history? You may, then, divide man's career on earth into epochs distinguished one from the other by the species of instrument used by him to kill his fellow; but even if, for the sake of argument, you allow there would be any history at all to record, would it not, if robbed of its greatest figures, of its most illustrious names, be insipid, colorless, and devoid of all the poetry of life, which is the sunshine that can alone illumine the landscape of time? Without great men history would be as the night-time of chaos before light was created.

There are historians now who desire apparently to teach the doctrine that our world's affairs move steadily forward in directions and in grooves furrowed out for them by the action of natural laws; that it is not the teaching or the leading of great men which directs human progress. They refuse to admit the determining influence of poets or prophets upon man's actions, they eliminate from their pages the life-stories of heroes; they tell us that a great man is but as the crest of a wave. Whilst admitting that the powerful genius of an Attila or of a Napoleon has been, and may again become, a disturbing element in the onward and upward progress of man towards a higher and a better life and a nobler condition of things, it is asserted that after all the influence of such men has never been, and never can be, more than temporary and unimportant. There are, they tell us, waves of thought and emotion which, although seemingly capricious, follow well defined though perhaps not well understood or generally recognized natural laws, and which are as certain in their action upon the conduct of men as that of the attraction of gravitation in physical nature. It is with men, they say, as with the march of young locusts, though a few outsiders may struggle to the right or left, and intervening obstacles may in places occasion delay, the great main column still marches steadfastly forward over all impediments

with an astronomical correctness of direction.

Yet surely the process of decay which has prepared many great peoples for destruction, has never yet brought that end about. The death-blow has in all instances been delivered by some sturdy conqueror. If this be so, how can we afford to ignore that conqueror's story?

As nations have been destroyed by individuals, so, too, they have been created by individuals. I need not go beyond our own times for an illustration, for Italy and Germany furnish striking instances of this truth. Can the history of the last thirty years be written so as to be intelligible if the figures of Cavour and of Bismarck be omitted from its pages?

How, then, can it be said that all the great political and national revolutions of the world are the direct outcome of natural laws? Into every phase of history the sheer ability, will, force of character, the very idiosyncrasies of individuals, and above all other things, the military genius of great commanders or rulers, enter very largely as powerful factors for good or evil. Surely events have been determined or, at least, influenced largely by these men and by their actions.

Even if the statement does not express the whole truth, there was force which we now ignore in the old apothegm that the history of a nation is the history of its great men. Read a nation's poetry, and become acquainted with the character, views, aspirations, and actions of its leaders, and the outline of its history can be sketched out, as the great naturalist was able to describe the extinct bird of which he was given one or two bones.

Should we ever have had the Crusades had Peter the Hermit never been born? And in that case how different would have been the history of European civilization! What an influence Holland has exercised upon the world, and yet, if the sickly, prematurely-born William of Orange had died of the virulent small-pox with which he was attacked in early life, or had John Churchill died of fever in Tangiers, there can be little doubt that Holland would have followed the fate which then overtook Alsace and Lorraine, and, like them, it must have become in time essentially French in feeling and an integral part of France.

If Wellington in early life had accepted the small post in the Irish excise which his family pressed him to take, or after Talevera, had he resigned his command in disgust with the interference of minis-

ters, as ignorant of war as he was of theology, Napoleon would in all human probability have died in peace and triumph at the Tuileries. After Sir John Moore's death, there was no English general save Wellington. In the same way, a hundred years before, Marlborough was our only commander who was fit to cope with Villars and the other marshals of France of that time. In Anne's reign, the grand alliance, which may be said to have saved European liberty, could have only been kept together by the tact and military genius of Marlborough. It was his great ability in the field that secured the independence of Holland, that saved Europe from the grasp of the great French king, as she was saved a century later from the tyranny of the great Corsican by another illustrious British soldier. That in two such remarkable epochs of the world's history, peace and liberty were secured to all Europe by two of England's most renowned soldiers, two of her very greatest sons, would indeed be a proud remembrance for every British subject, were it not for the comparison between the position we then occupied in the world and that to which a sickly and pharisaical philanthropy has since reduced us. Then we were the acknowledged mistress of the seas, and our recognized military strength gave us a power and influence in the world which, whilst it was gratifying to our pride, helped largely towards the creation of this wide empire of ours, and conduced greatly to the good and welfare of mankind.

The torrent of anarchical democracy lately let loose upon England is undermining, and must eventually destroy, that fabric of military and naval strength upon which our stability as a nation rests. With its destruction, hundreds of millions of money, now invested in British enterprises, will be removed to some country with an executive government strong enough to maintain order and secure the rights of property at home, and strong enough, in a military sense, to hold its own against all foreign aggression. Our recent naval manœuvres will certainly cause all Europe to question our naval strength, even if it does not open the eyes of our own electorate to the very disagreeable truths long known to every one not seated on the "front benches."

If it is true that great men have produced the effect upon the world's history which I claim for them, and that we are now suffering from the assumption that we can dispense with them and with their

leading, then it is worth while to consider what those qualities have been which have given these men their commanding influence.

It is not my intention to discuss the relative influences exercised by the poet and by the great leader of men upon the high events of the world past and present. Others must determine which conferred the greater benefit upon England, Blake and Howard of Effingham, who saved us from invasion three hundred years ago, or the greatest of British, if not of all poets, who flourished at the same time. It is not necessary for me to consider whether we as a nation owe more to Wellington than to Byron, or whether the civilized world, and especially Europe, is more indebted to Bismarck than to Heine. The poet supplies thoughtful pleasures in our moments of studious ease, and awakens within us by his glorious strains noble ideas never realized before. He gives form and substance to manly aspirations, which although they often flitted darkly over the brain's retina, had never previously been presented to the intellect in any concrete shape. In dwelling on these gifts we are apt to forget or ignore the benefits we have received from the men of action. Whilst in the full enjoyment of the pleasures of imagination that have been provided for us by the great poet, our mind is in no fit condition for any just appreciation of the more substantial blessings secured to us by the great doers of daring deeds.

The influence exercised by ballads and poetry in all phases of the world's history has been great. Independence, love of country and of freedom, loyalty, devotion to religion, in fact, all that is noblest in man's nature, have been inspired and maintained by the poet's grand appeals to man's highest and best nature. It is not, however, always the poetry of the highest order which exercises the greatest influence at critical moments in a nation's history. England battling for her own existence and for European freedom, owed more to the simple songs of Dibdin than to all the great poems of that same period, more even than to the noble sonnets in which Wordsworth appealed to love of country and national enthusiasm. A few fiery sentences addressed by Napoleon to the army of Italy had more influence upon the destiny of France than all the volumes of Voltaire.

The genius of the poet, painter, musician, the great mathematician or mechanician is of a specific kind in each case.

Each of these men, though surpassingly great in his own line, may be thoroughly unbusiness-like and unpractical, and without even any appreciation of excellence in any other walk in life but his own. The great artist may be and often is what is commonly understood by us as "an uneducated man," and all those to whom I have referred may be absolutely incapable of any discrimination as regards the character and relative worth of men. They may be childlike in their trust of all with whom they have intercourse. They may be but half-baked, puling specimens of humanity, destitute of nerve, strength, or fibre.

There are, on the other hand, many walks in life which require a great knowledge of men as well as of things or thoughts, careers in which no excellence is to be attained without habits of order and great business-like capacity, but yet in which there is no necessity for physical health and strength. Furthermore, some men have been regarded as amongst the world's greatest benefactors who were very scantily provided with that rarest of talents, common sense. Between this, the most useful of all mental gifts to man, and pure genius, there is often no connection. The fable tells us that when both once roamed in company, Genius, full of lofty ideas, fell into a pond, whilst Common Sense, avoiding all obstacles, went forward in safety.

In many professions and callings genius pure and simple may command success, but genius alone does not make the great commander. When leadership and responsibility in war are conferred upon a man devoid of sound common sense, tact, good temper, and good health, simply because he can write ably on strategy, or is a first-rate lecturer on tactics, the fate of his army will be that of Genius in the fable. As I understand the genius possessed by the Marlboroughs and Napoleons of all ages, it is composed of a greater variety of talents and of natural gifts than that which has made men great and renowned in any other walk of life. Military genius in its highest sense is a combination of many qualities and powers. A man may shine as an eminent military historian and yet be wanting in some of the simple attributes without which no man can even be a good private soldier. In fact, he need not be a soldier at all. Mr. Kinglake and Thomas Carlyle have shown genius in describing actions in which they had no share. Sir William Napier, though a soldier, made his type of genius most felt as a military historian.

Strategy as a science can be learnt from illustrations drawn in chalk on a blackboard; and an able man who has mastered its rules and laws, and who is thoroughly well versed in military history, may write valuable works upon it, although he may be entirely destitute of that sound and clear judgment without which no general can be worth anything in the field. Jomini, the greatest of writers on tactics, never held any independent command in war. Then, rising higher in the scale of military genius, you may have, not only the intimate knowledge of the science of war, but you may possess also an intuitive clearness of perception, and the great gift of being able to unravel a tangled mass of contradictory information about the enemy's position, doings, and intentions, so that you can arrive at just conclusions and rapid decisions, and yet be devoid of those qualities of character and of temper, and that personal charm of manner without which no one can ever aspire to lead others. I have, on the other hand, known these genial qualities possessed to a very remarkable extent by officers whom all loved in consequence, but to whom God had denied the power of thought, the grasp of view and intellect, without which no man can ever rise above mediocrity as a general. Field-Marshal von Moltke's character is so simple and winning, and his military genius of such a high order, that it is most probable he would have become a great leader of men in the field had any such command ever devolved upon him. To direct, as he did, the daily movements of a huge army, numbered by hundreds of thousands, is a colossal task. There are few, if any, men now living who could have accomplished it. At the same time it is quite possible that even Moltke does not possess the qualities which made the "tenth legion" love Cæsar, and which made the Roman one of the few great leaders of armies whom the world has ever known. Great coolness of head, and sternness of nerve are required by the general whose exclusive rôle in the field is to keep several large armies in motion, each on its own line, but each and all moving, as the pieces on a chessboard, towards one common object. The sternness—I might say, the relentlessness—of disposition which enables such a man to do his daily work unaffected either by the all-absorbing joy of success or by the depressing influences of passing failure, is a rare gift. But it is quite possible that such a strategist if carried from the safe position of army headquarters, and pushed into the

midst of excitement and of peril, and of all the emotions and startling sensations which such a position occasions, might then be unable to exercise the quickness of apprehension and the soundness of judgment that can alone enable a man in that position duly to weigh the circumstances, analyze the situation, and at once come to the right conclusion. To be able to do this, and to carry out a decision so arrived at with all the coolness of one who has no serious responsibility in the matter — to be not only personally indifferent to danger in its most appalling form, but to possess a mind so evenly balanced that it is inaccessible to the impressions and disturbing influences of danger, is surely one of the very rarest of all human qualities. Of all the commanders whose lives I have studied, none possessed this gift, this rare power, in so remarkable a degree as Marlborough; as a general in action it was his most striking characteristic. The military historian of a high order, the able writer on strategy, the first-class instructor in the science of war, and also the chief of the staff who directs the moves of the campaign as the chess-player does who is far from the board on which the game is carried on, each and all of these require military genius of a distinct order and of various degrees of excellence. Theirs need not be by any means, however, in my opinion, the highest form of military genius. To illustrate my meaning, I would instance Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon, and General Lee as men who possessed what I regard as the highest development of military genius — men who combined with the strategic grasp of Von Moltke and the calm wisdom and just reasoning power of Wellington, all the power of Marshal Bugeaud and of Souwaroff to inflame the imagination of their soldiers and impart to them some of the fiery spirit of reckless daring which burned within their own breasts. As the word "general" is usually interpreted, a great strategist may be fairly given that title, but he is not at all, necessarily, a great commander, a great leader of armies. The personal magnetism which such great men possess so largely, and can without effort impart to others, was, I think, wanting in our "Iron Duke." What is more, he never seems to have valued it as a desirable quality in an English leader, although he fully realized its force and power when exercised by Napoleon. This may partly be accounted for by the way in which he looked upon his army. Although, when it broke up in 1814, after an education of

five years of victory under his command, he pronounced it to be able to go anywhere and do anything, still he seems always to have regarded it more as a splendidly constituted machine in the highest possible working order, than as a living, animate being, sensible to and affected by all the subtle emotions by which man is influenced. The marvellous magnetic power of the great generous leader over his men was certainly undervalued by Wellington. He used to say that Waterloo was won in the playgrounds of Eton and Harrow, and no man has ever set a higher value upon good breeding and blue blood in officers than he did. He seems in his mind to have divided his army into gentlemen and common men, placing a great unbridged gulf between the two classes. With one or two exceptions, he apparently had the very poorest opinion of the military capacity of his generals of division, whilst he believed with all his cold heart in the dash, courage, endurance, loyalty, and patriotism of his regimental officers, the sons of English squires and younger sons of what was then called our aristocracy. He believed they would always do their duty; he depended upon their breeding in that respect just as he depended upon the strength and courage of his thorough-bred charger to carry him for a long day's hard riding over any battle-field. He had seemingly no faith in the half-bred man, no more than in the badly bred hound that always required the lash of the huntsman. He seldom, if ever, spoke in appreciative terms of those brave soldiers who carried him in triumph from Lisbon to Toulouse, and if he had any affection for them, he never showed it. He believed that when restrained by the most rigorously enforced discipline and led by English gentlemen, they were, under him, invincible. But he never hesitated to describe them as a collection of ruffians, the blackguards of every British parish, the scum of every English town. Feeling thus towards them, he never thought it worth his while to appeal to sentiments he did not believe them to possess, and it never seems to have occurred to him that he could raise their tone or create in them those feelings of honor and of patriotism which had formed at other epochs and in other countries the mainspring of those armies whose great achievements are best known to the world. In fact he was a thorough aristocrat at heart, with all the best sentiments but still with all the prejudices of that class. There was no genial sympathy between

him and his soldiers; they respected him and, during his later campaigns, they had the most unbounded confidence in his military genius, but beyond his own immediate military household, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy, no one loved him. It is for this reason that I think he will never be classed in the same rank of military greatness — of real military genius — with the five great leaders of men I have named above.

Let me now consider briefly some deeds of these greatest commanders, and then my readers perhaps may understand better what I mean by the highest type of military genius. And first of all let me take NAPOLEON.

If there be any one rule which may be said to sum up the science of strategy and the tactical art, it is that you should make your plans, and carry them out so as to be always superior to your enemy at the point of contact. From this it follows, that when you have to engage several armies, you should contrive to engage them one by one with all your concentrated strength. This rule, carried out most suddenly with the utmost secrecy and celerity of movement, may be said to have been the great secret of Napoleon's success. When he fired the imagination of his footsore and almost shoeless soldiers in 1796, by pointing out to them from the rugged Apennines, where they were in want of food and shelter, the riches of Italy that lay beneath them, he had already carefully digested his plan for meeting and destroying his enemy in detail. This he carried out by a series of most brilliant movements, surprising the widely separated armies of his enemies by sudden blows delivered with all his concentrated strength. It was the same in the following year when he destroyed Wurmser's army. Who but a great military genius would have conceived and executed the idea of abandoning no less than one hundred and forty guns, in his besieging batteries before Mantua, and of raising the siege for the time being, leaving his stores, etc., to the mercy of his enemy, in order that he might be able to attack, with all his concentrated army, that of Wurmser, which was divided by Lake Garda? Who but a great leader would have made the news that one of his generals had been defeated on one side of the lake, and another on the other, the very harbinger of final victory?

Napoleon's conception of the situation of the allied armies in Belgium in 1815 was most sound and just, and the plan he

formed for their overthrow was perfect. Through the mistakes of his opponents, he was enabled to fight each separately, and the more one studies that grand campaign, the more is one unwillingly convinced that had Napoleon then been physically the man he was at Rivoli, he would have defeated Wellington at Waterloo as he had just defeated Blücher at Ligny. Napoleon failed, because at that period of his life he lacked one of those qualities which are essential to military success. He was suffering from such terrible physical ailments that the marvelous energy of the past was at times altogether lacking to him. No illustration could more strongly than this one enforce my point that for successful command in the field, mind and body with all their powers in full force are needed, that genius, without health and the energy which springs from health, fails like genius without common sense, like common sense without genius, like genius without training or training without genius. The poet may reach his highest effort when blind. The greatest genius fails in war if all his bodily and mental faculties are not at their very best. You must have them all in full vigor to win a Blenheim or an Austerlitz. You must be able accurately to estimate the numerical strength of your enemy, to gauge the fighting value of his troops, and all the forces, moral, physical, and political, that you have for and against you. To discount as Napoleon did in the early campaigns the military ignorance and possible weakness of the government under whose orders he was acting, is also necessary, and to know your own men so thoroughly that you do not miss the right moment to call upon them for those exertions, those personal sacrifices, those hardships and sufferings, without which no great victory was ever won.

Now let me take CÆSAR.

To say of Cæsar that the political and military genius which he showed in Gaul, in Italy, and in Spain, involved that kind of understanding of men and of the movements and forces of his time which is, in its way, somewhat of the same order as the poet's genius, would be only to repeat what all men acknowledge. What is not necessary to the poet, and what few men not soldiers realize, is that quality which Cæsar showed when defeated by no fault of his own at Dyrrhachium, or when after almost all the world had deserted him because of his apparent failure in Spain, he changed the history of the world by

his calm facing of misfortune and his power of using his knowledge of men and his military skill undisturbed by the accidents of fate. It was probably this latter quality that Pompey, himself no mean strategist, lacked, and his want of steadfastness lost him the empire of the world. Unduly elated after Dyrrhachium, he abandoned himself to despair after Pharsalia. A man must almost have stood in the position of the general who suddenly sees before him the probability of failure, to realize the strain that, on either of the occasions I speak of, Cæsar must have undergone, and the greatness of the mind that, unaffected by fate or chance, could in such circumstances lift the feelings of a whole army from discouragement and despair to victory-giving enthusiasm.

Let me now take MARLBOROUGH.

No part of his life perhaps more perfectly brings out the varied qualities which went to make up the sum of Marlborough's genius than the campaign of Blenheim and the diplomatic labors with the States-General which preceded it. The large and statesmanlike political grasp of the whole situation, which made him realize the importance at all cost of saving Austria, the bold and original move to join Eugene, the patient tact, and quiet, business-like way in which the scruples of the States-General were overcome, all these are easily appreciated by the careful reader of his life. But what Marlborough was on the field of Blenheim itself, how in the moments of apparent ill success and failure his presence by its combined fire and calmness reanimated the wavering and assured the victory, — this may be recorded, but here as elsewhere, I believe that not one man in a thousand who reads of it realizes what it implies.

And lastly, let me glance at GENERAL LEE.

The Confederate commander-in-chief, General J. E. Johnston, was so badly wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks that he was obliged to resign his command of the Southern armies. Two days afterwards General Robert Lee was appointed to command the army of northern Virginia, upon whose fighting power the whole Southern Confederacy then depended. General McClellan's army of over ninety-two thousand men was on the Chickahominy River within a few miles of Richmond, the seat of the Confederate government. General McDowell's corps, of about forty thousand men, retained at Fredericksburg by President Lincoln for the protection of Washington, against all

the principles of military science, was at last ordered to join McClellan's army. To prevent this junction, by again alarming Mr. Lincoln and his civilian military advisers for the safety of the Union capital, was Lee's first object. This he could only do by the action of the force beyond the Blue Mountains, under the command of that most brilliant of leaders and of tacticians, General Stonewall Jackson. That hard-fighting, clear-headed soldier of the Puritan stamp was then in the Shenandoah Valley, near the village of Port Republic. Lee's army round Richmond was much inferior in strength to that of the army of the Potomac, directly under McClellan, without counting McDowell's corps as part of it. The Confederate commander had thus the difficult task before him of making Mr. Lincoln believe that Stonewall Jackson was about to move on Washington, whilst at the same time he drew that general with all possible rapidity and secrecy to join him near Richmond. It was designed that whilst making a flourish of trumpets in the Shenandoah Valley, and threatening a movement towards Washington, along the Orange and Alexandria railroad, the Confederate army, covered by a screen of cavalry on its left flank, should make a most rapid march behind it, and fall upon McClellan's right flank and rear, near Mechanicsville, on the Chickahominy River.

The splendid execution of this bold and well-planned movement does undying credit to Stonewall Jackson. His division was invincible because the leader, while thoroughly understanding the science of his profession, was further endowed with the power of carrying out the most difficult plans, the most far-reaching strategical conceptions of his great commander. Stonewall Jackson's troops were unconquerable because they had 'unbounded confidence in their God-fearing leader, who in his turn trusted them most fully, and believed they could accomplish anything. Never was there in any army, or portion of an army, a more complete union of spirit and of mutual confidence than existed between Stonewall Jackson and all under his command. As I looked into his curiously blue eyes, and watched the movements of his calm, frank, and charming face as the sentences came slowly out of the firmly set and determined mouth, I felt and understood the influence he exercised over his soldiers.

I shall not attempt in this short article to describe how this splendidly conceived

project was as splendidly executed. How McClellan's right was rolled up, and how the Southern troops cut his line of communication and supply with the White House on the Pamunky River; how the army of the Potomac, driven from position to position, had to retreat, and after great losses in men, guns, material of all sorts, and above all things in reputation, had to seek refuge at Harrison's Landing, on the lower James River—these things are known to all men. Richmond, the Confederate capital, was saved; and the Northern army, recalled from its vicinity, had soon to fight on the upper Potomac for the safety of Washington.

Lee's strategy in this year, when he fought in defence of the Southern capital, and threatened and finally struck at that of the United States, marks him as one of the greatest captains of this or of any other age. No man has ever fought an uphill and a losing game with greater firmness, or ever displayed a higher order of true military genius than he did when in command of the Confederate army.

The knowledge of his profession displayed by General McClellan was considerable, and his strategic conceptions were admirable; but he lacked one attribute of a general, without which no man can ever succeed in war—he was never able to estimate with any accuracy the numbers opposed to him. Before he embarked on this disastrous campaign he believed the Confederate army at Centreville (eighty thousand strong), which then threatened Washington, was about equal to his own of one hundred and fifty thousand men. It was the same with him all through his military career. He thoroughly enjoyed, and even in reverse never lost, the confidence of his soldiers. The civilian strategists at Washington dismissed him from his command after this disastrous campaign in the peninsula, to the results of which their ignorance and folly had largely contributed. But when, some months afterwards, everything looked very black indeed at Washington, and the Northern armies had been driven back there helter-skelter, it was to him they had to turn to save them. No other general in the Northern army could, I think, have got it together in the short time he did to fight at Antietam in defence of Washington. That battle alone saved the Northern capital; if lost, Lee could have dated his despatch from thence to announce the triumph of the Southern arms. Lee, then, possessed priceless qualities which were lacking to McClellan. It was

the presence in him of that intuitive genius for war which McClellan lacked which again and again gave him victory, even when he was altogether outmatched in numbers.

The history of the Franco-German contest has led some readers to imagine that, as war is now conducted—namely, by a whole armed nation pieced together to form one great fighting machine—there is no longer the same room for the action and influence of any one great commander, as was the case in all former times. It is difficult to fix upon any one individual German general who should be regarded as the hero of that great struggle between the Teuton and the Frank. In the military hierarchy which directed and led the march of the three great German armies upon Paris, each member had his appointed place, his regulated functions, from the aged emperor downwards. But the lesson I learn from the story of that war is not that a Napoleon can have no place again in the world's future history, but that an army when worked up to become the perfect military machine which that of Germany is, can accomplish under a strong monarchy, but without a Frederick the Great at its head, all that the natural and just aspirations of its nation require of it. The emperor William was a thorough soldier in all his instincts, and was wise enough to know that, as a general, he was no Marlborough, no Napoleon. He possessed the talent to recognize the power and wisdom of the able servants with whom Providence had provided him, and he had the courage—rare with princes—to trust them fully. The precise mode in which that great trinity—the king, Bismarck, and Moltke—worked together is, and must long continue to be, a mystery to all outsiders, but it worked as one man, as one directing mind. It took the place and fulfilled the functions which in all other armies and in all other times, has been the rôle of some one great general.

The history of the world is the story of how at some epochs man's destinies have been changed by the action of small, highly disciplined armies, whilst at others the armies used have numbered hundreds of thousands. Small and large armies have each had their day. The present age is one of large masses of fairly trained soldiers, but it is by no means certain to me that the time may not yet come again when all nations will once more resort to small standing armies of the most highly trained and disciplined soldiers. We may

find that the soldier, to be at his best, or to be even thoroughly efficient, will require such long, and above all things, such constant training, that an army consisting of a people in arms will be impossible. In fact, we may find out by-and-by that a comparatively small standing army of carefully selected men, the flower of the nation highly skilled in all manly exercises, in all military arts, and kept in a constant state of perfect training, is a more effective weapon for fighting purposes than the slow-moving and more or less unwieldy armies of the present day.

Although I believe that the highest order of military genius is a direct gift from the Creator, that a man is born with this union of great qualities as another is born to be a poet, it is, I think, the wildest fallacy to imagine that the innate powers alone have ever made a man a great general. It is only by a deep study of military history, of the military arts and sciences in all their phases, that the heaven-born genius can be converted into the successful commander. Not even Jomini was more thoroughly conversant with all the great campaigns of Cæsar, Hannibal, Turenne, Marlborough, and Frederick the Great, than Napoleon was. No man has so emphatically laid down the absolute necessity of study for all who aspire to lead armies, than did the great Corsican in his memoirs dictated when a prisoner. Had he been employed for the first forty years of his life at some civil occupation, and then been suddenly given command of an army, it is tolerably certain he would have failed. It has been the same with all great commanders. Wellington, as a youth, begged his parents to send him to France to study the military sciences, and it was there he imbibed that knowledge, which grafted on the genius he had been born with, enabled him to win in the history of the world the high position he now holds. It is well also to remember, that as he and Sir John Moore were at that time the only English generals of any eminence, they were also the only two we know of that had made military history their study.

It is indeed a foolish notion that any man can rise to the eminence of a Cæsar without earnest application to his work, deep study of its science, and long and anxious thought bestowed upon the conduct and actions of the great leaders of preceding generations. In the war between the Northern and Southern States of America both armies were composed of great masses of newly raised levies. Heaven-

born genius, unallied with military education and knowledge, had therefore the best chance of making itself felt, and of coming to the front. Yet what is the lesson the history of that war teaches us? All those whose names will be forever remembered in connection with it by the English-speaking race throughout the world, were educated soldiers. Lee and Grant, Stonewall Jackson, Sherman, McClellan, Sheridan, Longstreet, Johnston, Hill, and a host of others whose names are and will long be household words in their own States, were all graduates of West Point, that most excellent of military colleges. One of the greatest men of that exciting and memorable time was Abraham Lincoln, a shrewd, clear-headed man of business, of very great natural ability and quick apprehension, possessing too a keen insight into human character and endowed with a splendid patriotism. All the best qualities he possessed are indispensable to the general, but he knew nothing of war or of the soldier's science. Can his most ardent admirer imagine for one moment that had he been pitchforked into the command of any of the Northern armies, he would have succeeded? Can it be supposed for a moment that our greatest of artists, instinct though he was with artistic genius from his birth, could ever have produced any great picture had chance made him in early life a vicar or a doctor? It cannot be too forcibly impressed upon all who aspire to high military positions, that no amount of inborn genius, unless accompanied by deep and thoughtful study, can ever secure them success.

There is a quality that must not be ignored in any analysis of military genius; I mean the power of calculating chances. This power is much more natural to some than to others. I have known men with whom it is a second instinct, whilst with others it is merely an arithmetical process, learnt by book and never thoroughly effective. This, I think, is to be accounted for by want of imagination. The general who cannot in his mind's eye see before him the whole scene that some projected operation will present, who cannot, as it were, picture to himself in a series of mental dissolving views, all the various and progressive phases of, say, an attack upon his enemy's position, lacks a natural quality which no amount of study can supply. If you cannot in your own mind identify yourself with your antagonist; if you cannot put yourself within his brain, as it were, and reason as he is doing at every

critical moment of a campaign, and from your knowledge of men, and of him in particular, gather what he means to do, you can never be in the front rank of great commanders. A vivid imagination, allied to a cool, calculating brain, can alone ensure this power to any one. The poetical, the imaginative side of war cannot be dispensed with by the able general, the great leader. Wellington, in conversation long after his great achievements, said that he had spent his military life in trying to divine what was taking place behind the ranges of hills which bounded his view. He was above all things a man of sound common sense; unimpressible, and the last man whom the world would have accredited with a brilliant imagination. The story of his life always appears to the casual reader of history as the abnegation of poetry. And yet he must have had a large share of imagination to have enabled him to foresee his enemy's movements with that perspicuous clearness which was manifest in all his campaigns, Waterloo alone excepted.

Great military genius is impossible without a combination of all these qualities, many of which are rare, even when taken singly. They must be well balanced, also, so that no one quality shall overweigh or outrun the other. No one can be omitted without leaving a weak point, a breach into which uncertainty of decision and confusion of action may penetrate to the utter destruction of the man and of all committed to his care.

From The National Review.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. FORSTER.

THE life of Mr. Forster that Mr. Wemyss Reid has just published is most interesting, and more complete, considering the delicate and difficult character of the work he had undertaken, than we had any right to expect. The latter portion of it, the history of his life from 1880, is obviously so circumscribed and limited from political exigencies that we hardly feel as if justice were done to him in that part of his career, the most painful and trying that perhaps any public man ever endured. But while incomplete in some senses of the word, Mr. Reid has so grasped the subject, and struck the keynote of all that interests us most in Mr. Forster's character, that it is ungenerous to say anything that could detract from the great tact and discretion he has shown

in depicting his character and describing his life at its most critical and delicate period, and steering clear of the pitfalls and difficulties the task must have abounded in. The impartiality and fairness of the part of his book which deals with the Irish episode of Mr. Forster's life deserves special commendation, for on that point his biographer and he differed, and differed widely, as to questions of policy. It is not with any desire to detract from the great literary and historical merit of the book that I venture to say that it was impossible for those who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Forster well, however much they may have disagreed with him, not to recognize the great earnestness and rugged honesty of his nature; and while the differences that divided them from him might widen daily, it was impossible not to confess that no mean or sordid motive influenced him, and that in what he did and said he was actuated only by the strongest sense of duty. I would not criticise, even were I able, Mr. Reid's book, for, in the main, it is as complete and delightful a memoir of Mr. Forster as all who cared for him could desire. There is, however, one portion of his life, namely, the social part of it, which hardly comes within the scope of Mr. Reid's work, and one which, I am sure, those who knew him did not regard as unimportant, and of which I may perhaps say something, for I had the great privilege of knowing him well and of seeing a great deal of him during the last few years of his life, from 1876 till 1886. In London society Mr. Forster was a very prominent and well-known figure, even before he occupied the important offices and achieved the work which he did some years later. He was a great friend of Lady Waldegrave and constant *habitué* at Strawberry Hill, and also at Lady Ripon's, and no one was a more pleasant guest, more keen or more thoroughly interested in every subject than he. Lady Waldegrave and he were great friends; she had a sincere admiration for him, while he admired — as all who knew her could not fail to — her great qualities, her kindness, and her power of sympathy which attracted and brought around her all that was best, both socially and politically, in London society.

In the days when I first remember Mr. Forster, I, in common with many other women, was a little afraid of, and rebuffed by, the extreme frankness, at times amounting to roughness, of his manner in conversation. But as we knew him better, we were content and flattered to be allowed

to form one of a circle that would sit near him, listening to him, and accepting with perfect composure and amusement the approbation or disapproval he expressed with perfect impartiality, and no lack of frankness, on the opinions of the smart and pretty women surrounding him.

He had a strong sense of humor, and a great appreciation of any one with brilliancy, or knowledge of any special kind, and no child could listen more patiently than he to those who spoke with authority on any subject in which they were better versed than himself. He did not appear at his best in a large gathering, for I do not think, somehow, that he ever quite got over an innate feeling of shyness, which he always seemed to labor under, but in a small party of ten or twelve no one was more bright, more genial, or more cheery. He always had some racy story or amusing anecdote to relate on almost any subject of conversation, and his memory was accurate and retentive to a remarkable degree. But while never at a loss for an amusing remark or point to any story told of public men or people with whom he had come into contact, I never knew any one more free from malice or ill-nature, and I never heard him say an unkind word of any body. Even at the time when the unlimited and unlicensed abuse of the Irish press and his enemies across the water was at its height, he never retaliated or seemed inclined to be bitter or revengeful, and only those who knew him well can ever imagine the intense sorrow it caused him. The comical side of the whole matter appealed also strongly to his sense of humor, and often when talking most gravely or sadly of the misunderstandings and of the abuse levelled upon him, some epithet applied to him by the Irish party would suddenly be recalled to his memory, and he would throw himself back in his chair and, burying his hands deep down in his pockets, laugh heartily at the recollection.

Many epithets and anecdotes applied to him by the Irish amused him greatly, and there were several in particular he used to tell me with the greatest relish. Some of the Irish national papers used to speak of the "chief secretary sneaking down to his gambling-hell," alluding to the time in the afternoon when he walked down the principal streets in Dublin to the Kildare Street Club to play his rubber of whist. The other story referred to one of the balls at the Viceregal Lodge, which was badly attended on account of the strong feeling existing owing to the disapproval

of the policy of the government, when the same papers, in describing the emptiness of the ball, spoke of the "shadow cast by the chief secretary like a great gorilla stalking across the empty ball-room." He often quoted, with a sense of the ludicrous which overcame the real horror of the facts, an anonymous letter which he received informing him (as no doubt was the case) that his murder in the Phoenix Park had been planned, but that he was spared on that occasion on account of "the young and lovely creature by his side" (his niece), and concluding, "But to hell with these tender fancies." The epithet "Buckshot," so often applied to him by the Irish party, was one he never resented; he often discussed and talked over its origin, and I remember a luncheon one Sunday when he and a late member of the Conservative government sat for a long time arguing the matter, Mr. Forster entirely proving that it had first been introduced into Ireland during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Marlborough, and that he was merely his vicarious successor to the title. During his last illness I received a letter from him, in answer to one in which I told him that one of the Irish members had often inquired kindly about him, and expressed sorrow at his protracted illness; and in his reply he says, "I am pleased at what you tell me, if they could only see poor old Buckshot now they would be sorry for him, I think." He never knew, for he had not the means of coming across many who were in touch with the Irish party at the time, with what interest many of them waited for tidings of him during his illness, and, when the end came, how genuine was the regret they expressed. They were angry with him, bitter, and exasperated at his later policy in Ireland, and at all he said after he ceased to be Irish secretary, but much more angered because they knew that by his adopting the course he did after he became Irish secretary, which was in direct opposition to what he had hoped to achieve before he went to Ireland, he prejudiced them and their cause irreparably. Every one in England knew that he went to Ireland bent on peace, and he only reluctantly relinquished that intention when he found that such a course aggravated the difficulties of government to the point of impossibility. The Irish expected much from him, knowing the desire he had to govern them with as little friction as possible, and when they realized the change that came over him as soon as he grasped the situation and the difficulties it abounded in,

their disappointment found vent in the unjustifiable and odious attacks that followed. Knowing, as he did, all the bitterness and hatred of the extreme party against him, and that only a week before he left Ireland a band of assassins had dogged his steps for days in order to murder him, and had failed only, as it appeared, by the direct intervention of an ever-vigilant Providence, it was truly characteristic of his courage and patriotism that he went (as his friends know) on the Sunday after the Phoenix Park murders to Mr. Gladstone, offering to go back to Ireland to take the place of his murdered friend until the government had deliberated and found a successor. Mr. Wemyss Reid, I see, mentions this fact in his book; it is one which I do not think was generally known. He would gladly have made friends with the Irish party, and have worked in loyal co-operation with them, had he found any possibility of so doing, but when he saw the anger and bitterness displayed against him, and the rancor they showed on all occasions, he recognized the utter hopelessness of the task. Mr. MacCarthy, in a very touching and generous article in the *Contemporary Review*, mentions an anecdote which is capable of another interpretation than that which I feel sure he unwillingly conveys. Mr. Forster used to come constantly while in London on Sunday afternoons to see me, and while there he and Mr. MacCarthy often met. They often arrived simultaneously, and would stay for some time; but they never addressed each other directly. I used to be the intermediary, and once or twice I laughingly tried to introduce them, but it never came to a real reconciliation, and to the last their intercourse, if such it could be called, was thus continued. Mr. MacCarthy, I am sure unwillingly, gives the impression that Mr. Forster did not wish to speak to him, but it was quite the reverse. They were both uncomfortable, and the position then was a very painful one. I take blame to myself for not having conveyed distinctly to Mr. MacCarthy Mr. Forster's often expressed wish that they should meet as if nothing had ever disturbed the harmony of their acquaintance; and had the reconciliation been brought about, I know how thoroughly Mr. Forster would have acted up to his oft-expressed desire for peace. The deep regret with which he left Ireland and severed his connection with Mr. Gladstone was, I think I may say, the crowning sorrow of his life; and the knowledge of how

cruelly he was misjudged, and how unfairly he was treated, was a blow, one from which he never recovered. The sense of responsibility he always felt with regard to his policy in Ireland was one of the most distinctive parts of his character. He was singled out almost by acclamation as the one man for Ireland, the only politician who was capable of grappling with the problems existing there, and he took up his work with the strongest determination to govern Ireland by peaceful and constitutional means, and rid her of the tyranny that she was suffering from under the leaders of the Irish party. I saw him only a few days before he left for Dublin, and well remember the words he uttered of sympathy with Ireland, and of his determination at all costs to endeavor to establish better relations between the two countries, and no man ever accepted an office with a deeper sense of the stern duty which he had before him.

In everything he undertook he entered into the accomplishment of his task with all the honesty and thoroughness of his nature, and he expected the same return; but when disappointment and failure met him through no fault of his own, he was the last to censure, and the first to turn his thoughts and energies into some other scheme for the benefit of his country and fellow-countrymen. His great courage, unselfishness, and his devotion to the cause of all those who were oppressed or in difficulty, was amply shown in the work that occupied the last years of his life, for the cause of the Boers, and above all at the time of the war in the Soudan, and the despatch of General Gordon to Khartoum. Those who saw him then know with what keen and ever-increasing interest he followed the whole question from beginning to end, how all his heart and prayers went with Gordon in his journey across the desert to the beleaguered city, and how, when the news of his desertion and death reached England, what was his sorrow and indignation. His grief for the death of one whom he considered one of the bravest of Englishmen was intensified a hundred-fold by the circumstance under which he died. I well remember the day after the speech he made in the House of Commons, meeting him, when the Liberal party were smarting under the attack he had made on the government, and when, absolutely fearless and indifferent to the attacks he had been subjected to by the Bradford Liberal Association, he poured forth the vehement and impassioned words which produced such an effect both in the

House and the country, that it no doubt acted as one of the most powerful influences at that moment in making the government take the final step of sending an expedition to try to relieve Khartoum. Through the weeks and months that followed he watched with feverish anxiety for tidings of Gordon, and when the fatal news burst on the country, he was completely overcome by it. It was a real personal sorrow to him, but only perhaps in a greater degree because of the national loss and humiliation than if he had lost some one very near and dear to himself.

It was the strength of feeling and depth of affection in his nature that kept his heart and nature young and full of sympathy, and made him always eager and anxious to help any who needed it. Many instances of it crowd on my memory, but one in particular deserves mention here. I was telling him one evening of a poor woman who had wandered up to London from Bradford, in order to conceal the secret of her shame from her relations and friends, who were in a respectable position there, and who had been sent to me to see if I could assist her. The story was a long and a very pathetic one, and he listened without saying much, and though I saw he was more interested than he cared to show, the only evidence of it was his fidgeting about in his chair with his hand in his pocket, from where, as he got up to go away, he produced two bank-notes, which he slipped into my hand, telling me to use them for her as I thought best; and when I expostulated on the largeness of the sum he had given me, his only answer was, "You had better keep them, for, if you don't, I am going to the Athenæum, and shall probably lose them at whist." He never forgot about the poor woman, and the last day I saw him he spoke of her.

The Sunday afternoons, of which he often spent some time at our house, were times which I think he enjoyed, as he met people who interested and amused him, and many of my friends came after a time, hearing he was likely to be there, for the sake of meeting him. There was one person, however, who looked regularly for Mr. Forster every Sunday, and who never missed him when he came, a large white Persian cat, who rejoiced in the name of Tim, which Mr. Forster always laughingly declared was given to him out of compliment to a prominent member of the Irish party. However that may be, Tim soon found out Mr. Forster's love for cats, and as soon as he heard him arrive he

would follow him gravely up-stairs, and sit on his lap while he remained, Mr. Forster stroking and petting him, and Tim purring in undisguised enjoyment. It was a curious fact that Tim never appeared except when Mr. Forster came, and always went down-stairs when he left, and for months and months after his visits ceased, the cat never attempted to follow any one up-stairs, or showed the least interest in any of my Sunday visitors.

When Mr. Forster came up to London from Bradford during the winter on business, or when Parliament was not sitting, he used to dine with us quietly, and there was one dinner-party which I shall never forget. The dinner consisted only of five people, and included Mr. Forster, and two great friends of his, one a member of the present Cabinet, and the other one of her Majesty's judges, also one of his early and warmest friends. The conversation after dinner in the drawing-room turned on the Ilbert Bill, which was then engrossing public attention strongly, and we at once found ourselves in the midst of a most heated controversy. Mr. Forster, from his hereditary feeling about slavery and the independence of subject races, took Mr. Ilbert's side, and the judge espoused the other. The discussion was long and animated. Mr. Forster's opinion was created by his strong feelings of sympathy for any one whom he thought unjustly treated; while his opponent's objections were based on a wide personal knowledge of India, and I remember it struck us that the opponents hardly in fact crossed swords. But no words can describe the keenness and eagerness with which the question was argued, or the strong feelings it aroused. We kept the "ropes," it I may use the slang phrase, and watched the combatants for a time, and it seemed as if the metaphor would become a reality. The argument was long and most hotly debated, and when at last we were beginning anxiously to await what we fully expected would be almost a hostile termination, the combatants burst out laughing at the extreme gravity of our faces, neither of them vanquished or convinced, and the conversation turned on other matters. Mr. Forster was most vehement and eloquent, and talked with the eagerness of a young man and with more enthusiasm than any young man shows nowadays, though the sympathies of his audience were with his adversary, and he knew it. One could not but admire the determined way in which he stuck to his point. The last few minutes of that

evening and the few words which were about his last before he left, were so characteristic of him that I cannot resist giving them. The question started was whether English political morality was genuine, and how far a public man in entering into political life was sincere in avowing that the whole aim of his life and his desire while in Parliament was to serve his country, apart from any personal considerations or advantages that he might hope to attain to. The subject was one interesting from those taking part in it, and I, rather to hear what Mr. Forster would say, as the discussion was coming to an end, suggested that it was, I believed, quite possible for a man to become purely self-seeking and ambitious, however high he might profess his aims to be, and that I thought many English politicians in that respect were not above suspicion. I shall never forget the way in which Mr. Forster raised himself out of the chair in which he was sitting, and, grasping the one in front of him, exclaimed: "Well, all I can say is, that if I did not know that never in all my political life have I been actuated by any other desire or motive than that of being able to help my fellow creatures and serve my country, I should have gone out of this business long ago."

But of all the times I saw him, by far the most interesting and touching were the last few months of his life, in 1885 and 1886. He was looking very tired and worn all that season, the fatigues attendant on the work of chairman of the Manchester Ship Canal were beginning to tell on him. I saw him at the end of July as he came once or twice to talk to my husband on the question of the French treating rice as contraband of war at the time of their war with China. The keenness, clearness, and vigor with which he discussed that and the question of colonial federation, which he had so much then at heart, showed that, though tired, he was not ill, and I was not prepared for the great change I saw when I was allowed to come up from the country to see him in September, 1885. I had met with an accident which prevented my walking with comfort, and it was in spite of his vehement protests that I walked up-stairs to see him; and when I saw him even then, seven months before the end, I could not help being terribly struck by the change. He had just agreed to have a trained nurse to help Mrs. Forster, whose anxiety and devotion were wearing out her strength. He was much pleased with the nurse and

so grateful for the way in which she endeavored to ease the tedium of his illness. Even then, with such physical weakness and pain, he spoke little of himself. Ireland, the policy of the government, his great desire for peace between the two countries, were the predominant feelings in his heart, and his conversations generally turned on that subject sooner or later. I saw him again several times between then and his going to Torquay for the winter; I heard from Mrs. Forster of him, and had one or two little notes and one long letter from him about Ireland and his opinions, hopes, and fears, dictated to Mrs. Forster, which was forwarded to the person he was desirous should see it. That was the last letter. Then came the news of his relapse, and of his apparently dying condition, from which he rallied to come back to Eccleston Square. I saw him only a day or two after he arrived, and shall never forget the change that had come—death had, indeed, laid his hand on him, and I felt that the time left was very short. Again, there was the same patient, uncomplaining submission, submission then to a future that he knew was not far off. With all the pain and discomfort, the old eager desire to hear all that was going on still continued, and the same anxiety about the thought that was never away from him—the future of Ireland. I wish that those who misjudged and maligned him could have seen and heard him with his dying breath and waning strength, giving all that remained to him of either to the cause he had so deeply at heart, and urging what he could and with what strength he could, to aid what he believed to be the cause of justice and of peace. The last time I saw him, the Friday before he died, he was full of anxiety that some one of position in the House of Commons should speak on the question of the outrages in Ireland. He said he had always felt the subject had been badly treated; they had either been minimized to such an extent as to make them appear of very little importance or exaggerated so grossly as to create a complete mistrust in the accuracy of any of the statements regarding them. He was better and brighter that Friday, and talked with much animation and interest, and arranged that I was to give a message to some one he named, who was to communicate with his nephew, who he believed would be able to supply the information he might require. I promised to do as he desired, and after chatting a little longer left him, he urging me to stay on,

saying he felt so much better, and adding, "Who knows when I may see you again?" Alas! those were his last words to me, and I never saw him afterwards. On Sunday I saw the person he had indicated as the one he desired to make the speech, and heard later that Mr. Forster was not well and had had another bad attack; but the answers to my inquiries in the evening did not lead me to suppose that the end was so near. Next day, as I often had before, I got for him some flowers — some lilies of the valley. On taking them to the house I heard that it was all over. The long, painful illness borne with such courage and patience was past, and he was at rest. For him we could not sorrow; but for those who loved him, and for his country, the loss was irreparable. Perhaps hardly at any time in the history of this century was his life more valuable, his counsels of greater weight; but round that silent death-bed the strife of tongues was hushed, and the white-winged angels of peace watched over all that was left of one of the best and noblest of Englishmen, one who loved his country and who may truly be said to have spent his life in her service.

In this imperfect notice of Mr. Forster, I have endeavored, in a very inadequate manner, to convey some slight impression of the feeling he inspired among those who knew him well. It must necessarily be very imperfect and scanty, for it is only a very small portion of my recollections of him that I can put on paper. At this short distance of time there are so many incidents very characteristic of him that are connected with the personal life of others, that it is impossible to refer to them. The life of Mr. Forster is now most widely associated with his Irish secretaryship, but I believe, in his opinion and probably in that of posterity, his greatest work was the passing of the Elementary Education Act. The compulsory education of English boys and girls could not, probably, have been long deferred, and Mr. Forster, when he became vice-president of the Council, saw that the question was ripe for settlement, and determined it should be settled in a manner that would satisfy the religious sentiment of the English people. I do not think that Mr. Forster would have claimed to have more than accelerated the general extension of elementary education, but he saw the advantage of dealing with the question at once, and utilizing the opportunity of recognizing once for all the claims of religious teaching. He deter-

mined that, so far as in him lay, the religious teaching that had moulded the lives of their fathers should continue to influence the English people. Every one knows and remembers the length and bitterness of the struggle, and how high religious feeling among Churchmen and Dissenters ran during the time the act was passing through Parliament. The conviction in Mr. Forster's mind, born and brought up a Dissenter as he was, that the Church of England ought not to be ousted from a position in which, with some exceptions, she had done a noble work, made him fight generously for religious equality, and the twenty-fifth clause of the act was accepted as a solution of the problem which had seemed wellnigh insoluble. His sense of justice made him recognize the strength of the Church and the work he knew she was doing well, and his early life made him fully appreciate the susceptibilities of the Dissenters on the matter. The great compromise was Mr. Forster's work, and I think he would have regarded it as the supreme act of his life.

The opinion of those most able to judge Mr. Forster was completely and touchingly shown by the gathering which met in Westminster Abbey round his coffin. There grief was shown by many opponents not less than the grief of many friends. A little later there was laid finally to rest by the Society of Friends—in whose communion he was born—all that remained of as brave and unselfish an Englishman as ever lived.

MARY JEUNE.

From St. James's Gazette.

AN ARTIST ON TOUR.

IF one were to take a note of them at the time, he could tell some entertaining things about his experiences when on the wander in search of studies. The north-west of Scotland has been my favorite ground in the early summer—I shall be off to it again this year before the Academy opens. Painter up there is the exclusive title of the paper-hanger; and artist makes them smile. They call me "the drawer," and my canvases "draws." "Good-morning, drawer," they say when we meet, and then go away chuckling. In a sheepish sort of way they are polite; but their curiosity is sometimes extreme, and, when caught in the act, they are equal to any emergency. Once I returned unexpectedly to the little wayside cottage

where I had been put up for a month off and on, and found my landlord sitting on the floor of my room (I had the one room and he and his family had the other) with my canvases grouped around him. I had warned him that they must not be touched, but my angry face did not disturb him. "Man," he said, getting up leisurely, "I was having a look at your draws. I was just thinking it was a pity you could not afford to give them a bit frame." He retired leisurely under cover of this compliment. It is one of the chief compliments paid me; for few of them believe that my pictures ever will be framed. Though I generally take it philosophically, their scepticism has at times annoyed me. When I explain, however, why the draws are not framed they only look at one another. An old lady once offered to frame one of the sketches, and "let me see it hanging on the wall," if I would give her the picture for nothing. This was a fair offer; not every one of them would make it. An artist friend of mine once presented a charming little landscape he had done to an old man at whose house (in Ross-shire) he frequently lodged. The old gentleman thanked him profusely, and promised that the picture would be framed at once. It was framed, for every year when my friend went there to sketch he saw it hanging beside the clock. At his recommendation I stayed there once myself, as did some other "drawers;" but we never saw the painting. He heard of this, and questioned the old man's daughter about it; when a humiliating confession was made to him. The old man did not, it turned out, think that the painting was up to the standard for framing, so he only kept it on his wall while the artist was staying there. As soon as my friend left it was taken out of the frame, and something superior — part of a grocer's calendar — was put in its place. When the "drawer" wrote that he was coming to them again, his present was slipped into the frame ready to receive him. In this case it was, I believe, only good-heartedness that prompted this art-patron to his little deception. I have known something of the kind, however, done by a north-country innkeeper who was only thinking of his own interests. He had a number of artistic souvenirs from painters who had made his modest hostelry their headquarters, and when I put up there I used to be shown the little thing I had given him, nicely framed. The other sketches he showed me loose in a book, and while I looked at them he made disparaging

remarks about their not being worth a frame — which were meant to gratify me mightily. I forget who found him out first. It was some one who got suspicious because the innkeeper (who asked for a sketch from every artist who stayed with him) always wanted them done on thick paper of a certain size, which he provided himself. It was his regular custom to slip into the frame any sketch he had got from an artist whom he was expecting, and to sneer for the time being at all the others. The inn had only one bedroom, so that we generally wrote to engage it beforehand, thus playing into his hands. Sadder even than this was the experience of an artist whose pupil I once was. He gave his host, somewhere in the Highlands, a delightful little water-color of the parish minister whose church the man attended. Not seeing it anywhere when he returned there, he asked what had become of it, and the landlord explained, with many apologies, that he kept it in the closet. He did not mind it himself, he hastened to say, but the wife was particular; and, after all, the minister was a very decent man.

Strange stories, about which they quiz us unmercifully, have travelled even as far as the Lewis about extraordinary sums made by artists who, according to rumor, have got ten and twenty and even fifty pounds for a single picture. It never strikes them that we may be the lucky painters, and they are very curious to know what these amazing "draws" are like. The one thing agreed upon is that they are done by painters who live in the big towns all the year round. Artists who travel are classed by these simple folk with other vagrants. They think we wander about the country trying to sell our goods much after the manner of the itinerant tinker. I have known one of them carefully avoiding mentioning vagrants in my presence out of delicacy; and an old dame with whom I lodged, and who liked me, used to give me extra dishes at my meals, for which she did not intend to charge, because, no doubt, I did not get a good dinner every day. If I wore my hair long, as some artists do still, they would conclude that I could not afford to have it cut. All are not careful of my feelings. One day when I was painting near Dunkeld, a native who had been examining me from near at hand approached to say that I need not go on with my work, as another "painter loon" had been there sketching the same place a few days before. This he evidently

thought would deprive my sketch of any little value it might otherwise have possessed. He looked over my shoulder as I worked; and after a little conversation I was beginning to think him rather an intelligent fellow, when all at once he discomfited me by asking whether such an able-bodied, healthy-looking man as myself was not ashamed to be without an occupation.

From The Spectator.

THE CENTRAL-ASIAN RAILWAY.

TWENTY years ago the possibility of constructing a central-Asian railway, present to a few minds, was generally regarded as the dream of politicians who are always in a fright, and of projectors who are never satisfied. But the line then talked about in the higher regions of forecasting speculation was one which should traverse the desert between the Caspian and the Sea of Aral, called the Ust Urt, or should follow the depression supposed to be the old bed of the Oxus, and strike that mighty stream in the neighborhood of Khiva. Each plan, it was considered, might perhaps be carried out at great cost and prolonged labor; and one of them, it was held, might possibly be completed about this time. Such were the visions of shrewd, imaginative men familiar with the geography, the desert tribes, and the persistent people who had gone among their intent, apparently, on pushing their boundaries at least to the Oxus, and probably far beyond it, in the fulness of time. There was to be, perhaps, a line from the Caspian to the Aral or the lower Oxus, and a flotilla on that river, constructed for the purpose of bringing the Caucasus and Transcaucasia into close communication with Russian Turkestan. Little or nothing more.

How far the reality, accomplished a few months ago, has transcended the visions of the seers! Instead of creeping about on the sandy steppe to the westward and south-westward of the Khivan oasis, the Russian soldier politicians and engineers have taken a bold flight through tracts which it was confidently asserted they could never reach, and have laid down nine hundred miles of rails uniting Krasnovodsk with "silken Samarcand." They have crossed the sand steppe to Kizil Arvat; built their permanent way at the foot of the northern slopes of the Kopet Dag; extended it to Merv, a site whose

history goes back deep into the pre-Christian centuries, and often declared to be inaccessible; planted down their rails upon the quivering, shifting, we might say the flying sands, which almost fill the horrid space northward from Merv to the Oxus near Chardjui; thrown a bridge over its yellow floods; and, passing near Bokhara "the holy," have prolonged the path of the "devil's cart" into the heart of Sogdiana, once so rich and populous, and have set up their terminus within musket-shot of the tomb of Timour. Not more than eight years have been occupied in performing this audacious enterprise, — much the longer length having been achieved in three. They have conquered the Tekkes, subjected the Mervian tribes, overcome the perils of the waterless tracts on both banks of the great river, brought Samarcand within ten days of St. Petersburg, and opened a new route between European Russia and her vast dominions on the Pacific coast, which may be used until the railway is made through Siberia to Vladivostock. There must be powerful political motives at the back of the central-Asian extension, since Transcaspiæ, like Transcaucasia, is a dead loss to the imperial treasury. But there it is, — a startling commentary on the fallibility of human foresight; a glaring proof that we underrate, and have always underrated, the daring, the ingenuity, the persistency, and the power of the Russians, a sign of imminent peril to Persia and Afghanistan, and a menace to India, which it was ever intended to be. We may overestimate its potential qualities, but we are bound to take it into account as one of the largest elements in the central-Asian problem.

It was probably the sudden development of productive power in the oil-wells at Baku that gave the impetus to the swift construction of this extraordinary line. At one period the Russian engineers thought that they would have an adequate supply of oil from sources east of the Caspian; but these springs have been soon exhausted, and, as there is no fuel in Transcaspiæ except the roots of the saxaul, a weird shrub nourished on the sub-soil of the sand, every pint of liquid which generates the motive power must be brought from Baku, beyond the sea. That is one drawback. Another, and perhaps more formidable, is the ever-encroaching, restless sand, which in the vast arid stretches traversed by the line constantly wages war upon the permanent way, as it does on the gardens and cultivated plots which run up to its margin. A third dis-

advantage, but one more easily guarded against, is the floods rolling down from the torrents of the Kopet Dag whenever a tempest breaks on the summits. At some cost oil can be brought to the locomotives, and properly constructed culverts will carry the storm waters; but nothing yet devised can get rid of the endless and volatile sands, and their invasions can only be met by temporary expedients. Then we observe that the permanent way is not solidly built, and that the wooden structure which spans the Oxus is at present a makeshift, and an apology for a bridge capable of bearing heavy traffic. It need hardly be said that the stations and rolling-stock are rough expedients, and that conveniences for travellers there are none. The line and its accompaniments are the work of the pioneer, rude, imperfect, calling for more and more roubles; yet when all deductions are made, we are bound to say that, judging from the published accounts of one who has endured the journey to Samarcand, the work done is a solid gain to Russia, and a great exploit which takes a firm hold on the imagination.

We may assume that this skeleton of a railway will be gradually improved into something substantial, that in due course a real bridge will rise above the Oxus, and that the Russian government will be able to rely upon the line to do the work they want done. Yet, even as it is, what a change must it bring about in the oasis! The Russian governs as he goes; permits much, but insists on being obeyed; draws into his civil and military organization those who are useful; has few prejudices, and little philanthropic sentiment. He will build towns, restore irrigation, drill the Turcomans, and bring order, in some form suitable to him, out of the tribal chaos. Already the Persian laborers have crossed the hills to toil on the roads, and the crack of the Cossack whip keeps the lazy Moslem to his task. The small traders have arrived — Armenians, Georgians, Jews, Greeks — to buy and sell, and make a market out of Turcoman industry. The watch-towers, used by the cultivator as a refuge, are no longer wanted, for raids are not now permitted. It is worth noting that, far from diminishing, the railroad, rough as it is, has increased the number of camels, so that the two modes of transport will be available in case of need; and should trade spring up, camels and horses, doubtless, will grow more plentiful than ever. But if, south of the Oxus, the Russian and his locomotive will work

wonders in the oases and the steppes, how much more will they do in the valley of the golden river, and the fertile stretches of Bokhara and Samarcand, which were said to furnish several hundred thousand horsemen in the days of Timour! The Oriental estimate savors of hyperbole; but there can be little doubt that, from north and south combined, the tribes and the people of the plains will yield many thousands of mounted men. And quite apart from the benefits of home trade, whatever they may be, and of order, harsh as it is, much of which will accrue to the population, Russia has secured a great moral advantage by a track the outward signs of which are an evidence and suggestion of power. Then, at the back of these gains is the pregnant fact that Turkestan is now, in point of time, a near neighbor of the military stations in the Caucasus, and that all the excess quartered there can be easily transported to Askabad and Merv. Therein lies the political and military value of this romantic line. Already it presses upon Khorassan, and it will not be long, perhaps, before a branch is projected to Meshed, towards which famous city roads point from the Tekke oasis. Regarded in any light, the iron road marks an era in central Asia which may develop well or ill, but is surely the opening day of events certain to be felt far and wide, from the Kizil Kum to Seistan, from the Caspian to the Indus.

From St. James's Gazette.

SHAKESPEARE AND MODERN "ISMS."

WE have all heard of that worthy who, after reading the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," remarked that it was rather too full of quotations. The criticism will yield us one distinguishing note of a true classic. The writer who is "full of quotations" in the sense that Gray was has made good his claim to a place among the immortals. But among the immortals — a goodly band — there is a select company who live not only in quotations, who have not only here and there given to some thought an expression so exquisitely apt or so superlatively lovely that it has forthwith become familiar to all men as household words, but whose whole work is alive — alive as it was on the first day that its author breathed into it the breath of life; alive because it deals worthily with the deepest things of human life, its passions, its mysteries, which are the same for all

time. We have reached a higher platform now in the temple of fame, and a very much narrower one. Of those who have attained to it we might almost reckon up the number on the fingers of a man's hands. There is an even still more select company, consisting of but one or two who stand upon the very pinnacle of the temple, who not only live throughout all ages because they have sounded the deeps which are common to all, but who seem to belong equally to every age; to be ever at home upon the ever-varying surface of the ages; whose sympathies are so universal and humor so genial, who have so forecast the years, as to understand the foibles, and fashions, and eccentricities of all after times as well as of their own. Of English poets — of such at least as we are far enough removed from in point of time to judge of securely — Shakespeare alone has this note of supreme greatness. We all feel his modernness, as we feel that of no other writer outside our own age; and a thousand years hence he will still be amongst the moderns. But besides this modernness of spirit which we have come to take for granted in him, we are every now and again startled by some chance phrase, some fragment of conversation which seems literally prophetic of a nineteenth-century problem or craze, invention or event, undreamed of or unparalleled, as we imagined, in the Elizabethan days. Here are some instances jotted down almost at haphazard. The lady doctor who has walked the hospitals and taken all the degrees of medicine is surely a novelty of the Victorian age; but how could the *Zeitgeist* introduce her to an astonished world more aptly than with the words of Lafeu to the king in "All's Well that Ends Well" (II. i. 82)? —

What "Her" is this? (says the astonished world with the king).

Why, Doctor She, my lord (says the *Zeitgeist* with Lafeu).

In Queen Elizabeth's days women did not dream of entering Parliament, as now they do; but when the dream is fulfilled, and when the prime minister of that day would give the finishing stroke to the subjection of men, she can but quote the words of Mrs. Page in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (II. i.) and say, —

I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men.

There was no society of vegetarians or teetotallers in the sixteenth century that I wot of; yet if the Vegetarian Society of

England to-day is in want of a motto, I commend to them an extract from the conversation of those two most excellent knights Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch (Twelfth Night, I. iii. 90): —

SIR ANDREW: Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY: No question.

And in all seriousness I commend other well-known words of this same dear Sir Toby to all Good Templars, Blue Ribbon Armies, and other Total Abstinence Societies of Great Britain: —

Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Again, how could an old-fashioned soldier nowadays find better words in which to express his grievances about the abolition of purchase and the rise of the competitive examination system; how could he more forcibly pour scorn upon the production of the modern military mathematical schools than by quoting Iago's growl at Cassio: —

For sooth a great arithmetician,

Who never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish
theoric,

Wherein the togged consuls can propose
As masterly as he; mere prattle without practice

Is all his soldiership.

(Othello, I. i.)

It might have been with a special view of opposing the Channel tunnel (though I have never heard that Philip II. floated a company for its construction) that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Gaunt the words, which we all know so well, about "this England" —

This fortress built by nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;

This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house
Against the envy of less happier lands.

(Rich. II., II. ii.)

The Irish difficulty is ever with us. Chief secretary after chief secretary rises up to cope with it; but what can any of them say but repeat to their sovereign the words of Green to Richard II.: —

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,

Expedient manage must be made, my liege.

But even Shakespeare cannot give us any very clear hint about the lines upon which the expedient manage is to move.

When the old folks of to-day tell us that servants are not now what they once were, how can they find fitter words than Orlando's in "As you Like It" (II. iii.) to express their regret for

The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed;
and their disgust with

the fashion of *these* times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And, having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having.

The Alpine Club is a modern enough development, one would have thought, of English activity; yet where will they find their aims and ambitions more tersely set forth than in Mowbray's words in "Richard II." (I. i.)? —

To run afoot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Wherever Englishmen durst set his foot.

There could be no more perfect presentment of the spiritualist "medium" than in Glendower, or of the sceptical critic of his folly than in Hotspur: —

I can call spirits from the vasty deep (says the Welshman).
Why, so can I or any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
(says Hotspur).

(1 Hen. IV., III. i.)

Puck with his "girdle round the earth in forty minutes" would not be particularly astonished even by the marvels of electricity, on which our age so piques itself. And the timid theologian, somewhat inconsequent and illogical withal, as he shrinks in horror from what he conceives may be the outcome of Darwinism, might find himself repeating some words of Caliban's and protesting that, according to these new-fangled theories,

we shall . . .
. . . all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

(Temp., IV. i.)

The London tradesmen in the riots the other day might have found a spokesman of their grievances in the mayor of "Henry VI." —

Pity the City of London, pity us!

[the mob]
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones.

Our windows are broke down in every street
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.
(1 Hen. VI., III. i.)

And the following conversation between Lucy and Somerset (again in "Henry VI.") — surely it was repeated not very long ago between a distinguished soldier and an extinguished statesman still living: —

SOLDIER:
Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Gordon never, though he might.

STATESMAN:
If he be dead, brave Gordon, then adieu!

SOLDIER:
His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

But one might go on endlessly with these "modern instances;" they may consist for the most part perhaps in nothing more than curious verbal coincidences; nevertheless, they could not occur, in such profusion at all events, except in the writings of that one whose scene of action, as Heine has finely said of Shakespeare, is the globe itself — his unity of place; whose period of action is eternity — his unity of time; and whose hero representing the central point, the unity of interest, is in conformity with these two unities — whose hero is humanity.

From Welcome.

CORNISH CUSTOMS OF TO-DAY.

ONE of the existing Cornish customs which best deserve mention is that of the "furry day," which is held annually on May 8 at the ancient borough of Helston. Polwhele, a great authority on west-country customs and superstitions, says that the word "furry" is a survival of the old Cornish word "fuer," signifying a fair, or merry-making. On every May 8, then, Helston presents an appearance which would indicate that the festival is in honor of the goddess Flora, though the origin is so veiled in the obscurity of long-vanished years, that whether it is indeed so, as many suppose, or whether it was organized in honor of St. Michael's victory over the dragon is still a debatable question. The streets and houses are decorated with an abundance of flowers; every lady makes a point of wearing a profusion, whilst the lords of creation are not above the small vanity of wearing somewhat large button-holes as well as sprays and twigs wreathed round their hats. Those who are to join in the dance meet at a shop previously

agreed upon, and, having bought their gloves, take their places in the procession, and dance to the time-honored tune of the "furry dance." At first they trip on in couples, hand in hand, forming a long string of "young men and maidens," then, as the tune changes somewhat, the first gentleman turns with both hands the lady immediately behind him, his example be'ng followed by the next couple, and so on. The party usually dance down one street and up another, through any houses they choose, and ringing the bell, or playing some prank, which is always taken in good part by the householders. Indeed, it is a general merry-making and home-gathering in which all Helstonians partake. Another old custom which still prevails is that of shouting "Heva! heva!" when the shoals of pilchards are discovered in the bay. The townsfolk, and the children more especially, run round the town shouting, and so give notice to the fishermen and those who have shares in the pilchard fisheries. Halliwell is of opinion that the word "heva" is derived from an old word "heve," to rain, or labor. Another authority says that it is simply old Cornish for fish. A custom which, in these days of widespread temperance habits, many would consider more honored in the breach than in the observance, is that of drinking mulled wine from a loving-cup, on all occasions of corporation meeting. This cup, which is a very handsome silver one, was presented to the corporation in 1640, by Francis Bassett, Esq., and passes, with the town seal and insignia of office, from mayor to mayor. Round the stand of this cup are engraven in quaint characters these lines:—

If any discord 'twixt my friends arise,
Within the borough of beloved St. Ives,
It is desyred that this my cup of love
To every one a peace-maker may prove.
Then I am blest to have given a legacie,
So like my harte unto posteritie.

FRANCIS BARSETT, 1640.

Formerly the mayor, corporation, and others used to drink from this interesting old relic, but of late years a silver ladle has been placed in the cup, and with this the wine is conveyed to the several glasses, and then drunk. At the little township of Padstow the first of May is celebrated in strange and somewhat noisy fashion. The younger part of the community assemble early in the morning, having with them an effigy, on what they term a "hobby horse." Forming into something resembling a procession, they sing or

chant through the streets a song, *seventeen verses* in length, which is further lengthened by the repetition at the end of every fourth verse of the refrain—

In the merry month of May,
With the merry singing and the joys a-spring-
ing,
For summer is a-come unto day,
How happy is the little bird that merrily doth
sing
In the merry morning of May.

After perambulating the streets, and singing the old song *ad nauseam*, as far as the more sober-minded inhabitants are concerned, the people go to Treaton Pool, where the horse is supposed to drink; and then, returning to the town, another old song is sung. There is a tradition in this locality, so rich in old-world lore, that St. George visited the neighborhood of Padstow on horseback, and that the indentation of his horse's hoofs caused a spring of water to rise. Certain it is that there is a spring of water there which is known as St. George's, where cool and delicious spring-water may be found on the hottest day of summer. The Good Friday cake may still be seen hanging from rafters on bacon-racks in some of the low-roofed old farmhouses of rural Cornwall. It is supposed to be a panacea for all kinds of ailments and diseases either of "humans" or cattle, for west-country folk in general, and Cornish people in particular, still hold to their superstitions. The custom, or game, of hurling is observed at Gernoe, near Marazion, annually, on the first Monday in May. Wrestling is still indulged in in various parts of Cornwall, and is being revived of late years; indeed, it is a very usual thing to read announcements in local papers of wrestling matches between so-called champions. A custom which in years gone by was celebrated with considerable spirit at Bodmin, is now only carried out by the juveniles of the locality. This is called "Bodmin riding." It takes place in July, on the Monday following the day dedicated to St. Thomas à Beckett. The Bodminites, mounted on horses and donkeys, ride out into the country, and collect from lanes and meadows flowers, which are woven into garlands and posies; then, proceeding to the priory, they present them according to ancient usage. This is, without doubt, another survival of ancient pagan worship adapted to modern saint veneration, if not exactly worship. Another old custom which still obtains in this town on the eve of St. Paul's day is one which defies all

efforts to trace its origin. At dusk the boys and hobbledehoyes haunt the streets and hurl a pitcher, which they call a "Paul's pitcher," into every door which the housewife has been incautious enough to leave open. The old Christmas mumming play is still in great force in various parts of Cornwall during the festive season. The valiant St. George, the Turkish knight, and the doctor, being all personated with more or less success by youthful aspirants for histrionic honors, who practise their parts for months beforehand. The "goosey dancers," or guised dancers, still play their merry pranks, and on Christmas eve make a raid on their par-

ents' wardrobes, and, possessing themselves of any old garments, disguise themselves and each other, and dance and sing for money to make merry with during the week in which Christmas falls. The Christmas log, which is an institution still, is lighted by a piece saved from the fire of the previous year, and is called "the mock." The festivities, mumming, goosey dancing, etc., are kept up with much spirit until old Christmas night, and young and old enter into the very spirit of the season, in marked contrast to the languid or cynical air which it seems the fashion to affect nowadays when speaking of our great national festival.

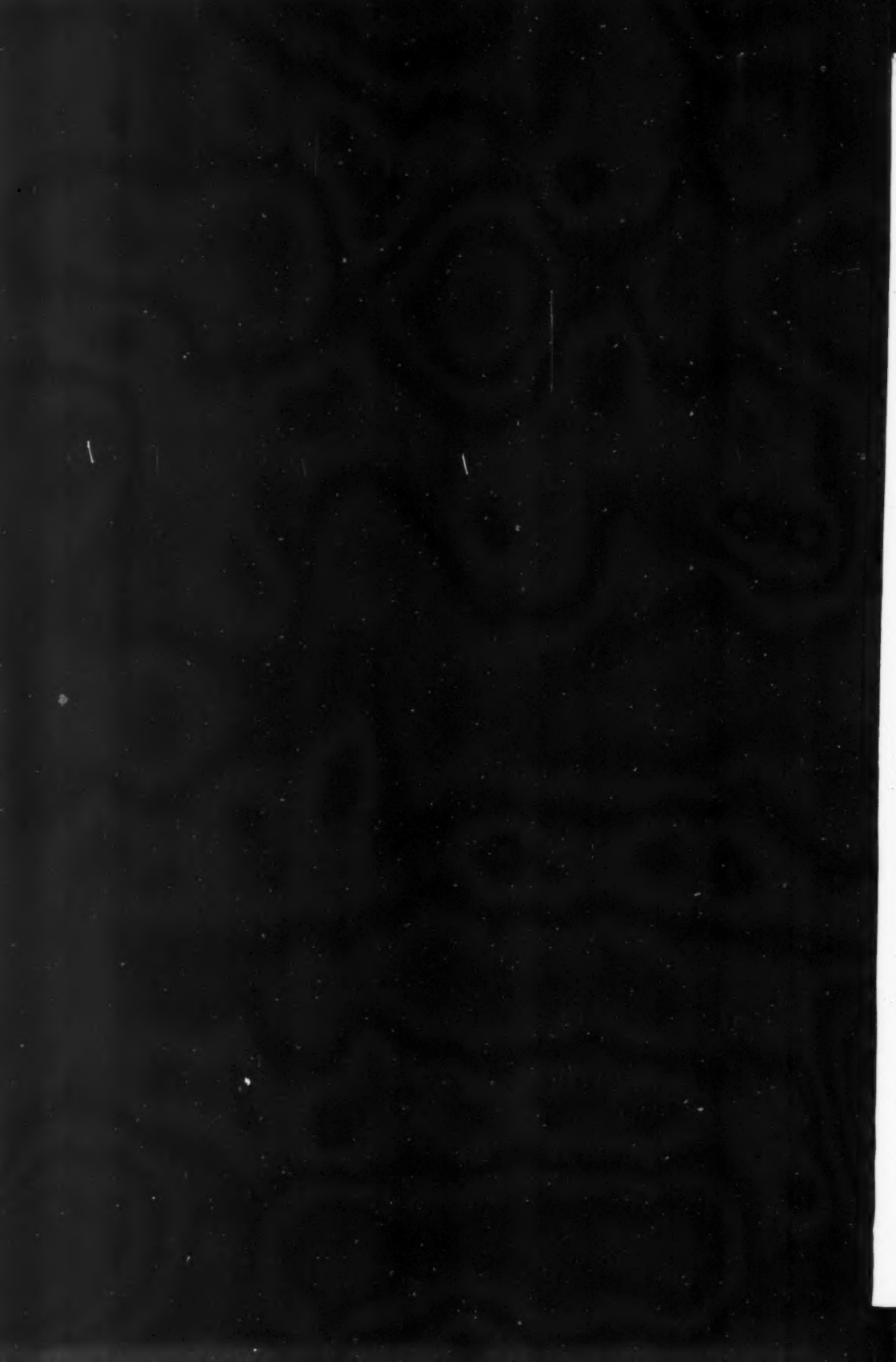
STAMPEDE OF ELEPHANTS.—The *fêtes* at Munich in honor of the centenary of King Louis I. were marred by a serious misfortune. There was a magnificent procession, in which nearly ten thousand persons took part. It started from the Carlsthor at about nine o'clock in the morning, and moved to the Odeonplatz, where, close to the monument of King Louis, the prince regent and all the members of the royal family were assembled. Heralds, knights, and trumpeters headed the throng, which included the students' corps, the town guilds, the various associations of Munich, the scholars belonging to the artistic and scientific institutes, representatives of local and foreign art unions and corporations, men in the costumes of the Middle Ages, pages, veterans, and children, deputations from twenty-six towns, and finally a detachment of the Munich fire brigade. Splendid weather favored the spectacle, and a dense mass of people lined the pavements of the broad Ludwigstrasse, whilst at all the prominent points stands had been erected, which were filled to the highest tiers. Eight elephants and four dromedaries from Hagenbeck's circus took part in the procession. Just as the procession had passed the regent's tent the elephants suddenly came upon a steam-car which represented a dragon snorting and spitting fire. The first two elephants pricked up their ears and trumpeted with fright, thus alarming the six which followed. With a plunge they broke the chains that bound their legs. The men seated upon them were unable to control the terrified animals, which charged into the midst of the spectators, trampling down a number of those in their

way. A panic ensued, and the people fled in all directions. The elephants then charged a stand. Everybody attempted to escape at once, with the result that the stand gave way, and the occupants were precipitated among the débris. After half-an-hour's career in the Residenzplatz, the Ludwigstrasse, the Odeonplatz, and the Briennerstrasse, the elephants were finally captured in the arcades of the theatre with the assistance of cavalry, and were surrounded and tied with ropes. Four persons were killed and about twenty severely injured.

St. James's Gazette.

THE TELEPHONE IN SIAM.—The activity with which the Germans are pushing their trade into foreign countries receives many practical demonstrations. One is furnished by the consular report of Mr. Jacob I. Childs, United States consul at Bangkok, Siam, who writes as follows: "The plant for the telephone at Bangkok has arrived from Germany. I am informed by an electrical expert conversant with telephonic affairs that the instrument is much inferior to the American instrument, costs about five times as much, and has not near the power of the Bell; but as the control of the matter was in the hands of a German who has a friend at court, no one else was consulted in the matter, and he had the power to do as he pleased. As it is, the Germans are getting a strong hold here with the officials, which is somewhat galling to the English and French residents, who, in the past, had a monopoly of the business.

Iron.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.



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